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THE FRONT PAGE

Government in the future will concern itself more and more with science and less and less with such general problems and policies as we have hitherto associated with public life. More and more as we learn something definite about human society and social growth and the real foundations of national greatness, we shall employ the co-operative agencies of science. And government will become more and more such a co-operative agency.

From saving cattle and swine from fatal diseases, peach trees from deadly parasites, grain from its enemies, and cotton from the boll-weevil, to keeping contagious diseases from our shores and from developing within our borders, and to forcing food manufacturers to tell the truth about their wares, and to using coal economically and preserving the supply—all around our life, individual and collective, the most important services that the future will demand of governments will be scientific services.

SO writes Walter H. Page in The World's Work. He expresses in concise form the general idea underlying several articles that have appeared on this page in recent issues. For instance, the question was asked in this column not long ago: What other member of the Government could render greater service to the people of Ontario than a Minister of Health? There is no service the Government can render the people that would equal in importance the work that could be done by a skilled and zealous Minister of Public Health, presiding over a well organized department—ensuring the purity of foods, drinks and medicines, preventing the sale of injurious quack remedies, seeing that drinking water is clean and that sewage is rightly disposed of, reducing infant mortality by preventing the sale of bacteria-laden milk, fighting smallpox on provincial instead of municipal lines, furnishing leadership in the war against tuberculosis, and spreading a knowledge of the laws of health over every part of the country.

Why should not an intelligent State organize its defence against evils which are general, and which we are learning to recognize as disastrous—evils, too, with which neither the home nor the municipality can cope?

It begins to be understood that the leading causes of disease and early death are within human reach, to be dealt with when we acquire the intelligence to act. We no longer accept with resignation the high death rate among children, nor fold our hands in the belief that a high percentage of our young adults must inevitably perish of the white plague. The world is old, but comparatively recent are the discoveries of the dangers that menace us. We are getting at the reasons why men, women and children die untimely, or linger in ill-health, and it begins to appear that, to an astonishing extent, the causes are under human control.

NOR is it only in such respects as these that the functions of government are undergoing revolutionary change. Consider that aeroplane of Alexander Graham Bell's of which photographs appear on this page to-day. It is but the pioneer of a fleet soon to be coursing the air. Other inventors are making flights in the United States, England, France, Germany, Italy. Should these men succeed, can anyone suppose that the world will remain unchanged? Mr. Bell says that he expects very soon to see mail-carrying across the Atlantic done by airships. A sensational writer in one of the magazines predicts that within a few years customs tariffs will be made absurd by aerial smuggling, which will begin with diamonds, opium and other compact valuables, and grow in dimensions as air travel becomes safer and stronger. Tariff officers could not well patrol the sky. Aside from these speculations it is at least, pretty certain, that dirigible balloons or airships proper, are about to become so serviceable in war as to render fleets and coast fortifications of little value. Gibraltar will no longer be the key to anything, nor will the English Channel signify as a barrier to invasion. Should these changes come, what are the nations of the world going to do about it? However, for the present let us dismiss all these things as not imminent.

In past times one nation had little use for another except to use it as an enemy. It was a country to invade and loot. Its merchandise was to be pirated. Its cities were to be sacked and its plains made the theatre of wars where great soldiers could acquire renown. Already all this has been changed, and each country has a use for every other country. We trade necessities and luxuries, and any war between two nations, however obscure, jars the whole business of the world.

A train wrecked in Mexico imposes loss on citizens of London, Paris, Berlin, New York and Toronto.

A fire in San Francisco causes insurance companies in two hemispheres to go into liquidation.

In blasting rocks in the wilderness six hundred miles north of Toronto a charge of dynamite exploded prematurely a fortnight ago and to-day there are women crying in humble homes in England, Italy and Norway.

The fact is, that while we do not as yet realize it, there are no nations any more, in the old sense, but a close-knit world—with a world-wide public opinion which no authority can long defy, with instantaneous news intelligence, rapid transit, and a net-work of inextricably interwoven international interests. We keep up the old forms, but we do not as yet perceive how little they have come to mean. At the present moment, while you are reading these lines, things are going forward in various parts of the world. At this moment in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, men are bending over crucibles and retorts—they have their heads together over experiments; they are watching the effects of chemical operations, noting the results of infection on guinea pigs, and if you were to listen you would hear them express their satisfaction in English, French, German, Italian, Russian, yes, even in Japanese, as they note a result useful in the saving of human life. In a word, we have leaped from the age of Drake and Van Tromp to the age of Koch and Pasteur. Without pausing to consider it we have travelled from the age of the clan to a wide cosmopolitanism. The time has come when we are to be citizens of the world.

MR. R. L. BORDEN having estimated the cost to Canada of the Grand Trunk Pacific as likely to be \$191,305,823 in cash outlay, and \$58,048,000 in bond guarantees, Hon. George P. Graham made a speech in reply in the Commons the other day in which he estimated the cost to the country as likely to be \$38,163,976 or an annual sum of \$1,114,919, for which the country would own nearly eighteen hundred miles of the best railway track in America. It all depends on the way you figure it. It all depends on whether you are an optimist or a pessimist. Evidently the new transcontinental line may cost the country \$250,000,000, or it may cost only \$38,163,976. Our sons will know. In the meantime we have so vast and valuable a country to open up that the chief consideration should be to get real value for the money spent.

A YOUNG man going through the woods with a fishing rod came to a clump of under-bush and as he turned to the right to pass around it a broken limb barred his way. He turned back and went around by the left with the result that a rattlesnake struck him in the ankle. The bite did not in itself prove fatal, but his health was broken and he died soon after. But for the jagged limb

in his walk to pick up a piece of board with two rusty nails in it. He thumped the board against a stone, loosened the nails, and pulled them out. Seeing a stranger looking at him, he explained, "I knew a boy once," he said, "who lost his life from a rusty nail in a board. For over forty years I've been taking nails out of boards—everyone I see. Maybe it hasn't done any good, but maybe it has. It's cost me a lot of work in forty years if it was all counted up, but I don't mind about that. You see you can't tell anything about the accidents you prevent." Was the old man preventing accidents or deaths by his forty years of excessive caution in regard to rusty nails, or was he fidgeting and pulling nails in vain?

IS it to be President Taft or President Bryan? Had Roosevelt been the candidate again there could be no doubt of his success, but it is by no means sure that Taft will be able to throw Bryan into the shadow. Next to Roosevelt there is no man in the Republic with so great a personal following as Bryan, and no man so capable of arousing national enthusiasm in a campaign. He is to-day a very different man from the unknown young

being invited by the bankers and the commercial men, who then excoriated him, to address their organizations." He was a hard man to defeat, even in the days when every authoritative voice in the country was raised against him. Can he be beaten now?

Mr. Taft has behind him the stronger party, but he goes into the fight as Roosevelt's man rather than the party's choice, and the chance for Mr. Bryan to go to the White House seems good.

MONUMENTS are to be erected on Parliament Hill to George Brown and D'Arcy McGee. Brown deserves a monument as the last of our public men whose views remained sufficiently steadfast to be recognizable, at least, whether in office or out. Let his monument be a high one, and place it on a bold site. McGee died in action, so to speak, and therefore enjoys the distinction of many a fortunate soldier. That which he brought into our politics was chiefly a rich imagination, a hot ardor. He was slain by an ignorant and drunken assassin at a conspicuous point in his career. Let us imagine a Lincoln, not slain but retiring in due course and carrying into private life and into the pages of history the censure of a country distracted and unreasonably censorious; let us imagine a Wolfe, not slain in the hour of victory, but living to haunt the ante-rooms of ministers seeking a recognition it would be inconvenient to give him; let us imagine any one of our martyrs unpersecuted. Or, rather, let us imagine none of these things. Let us rather erect monuments to our great dead.

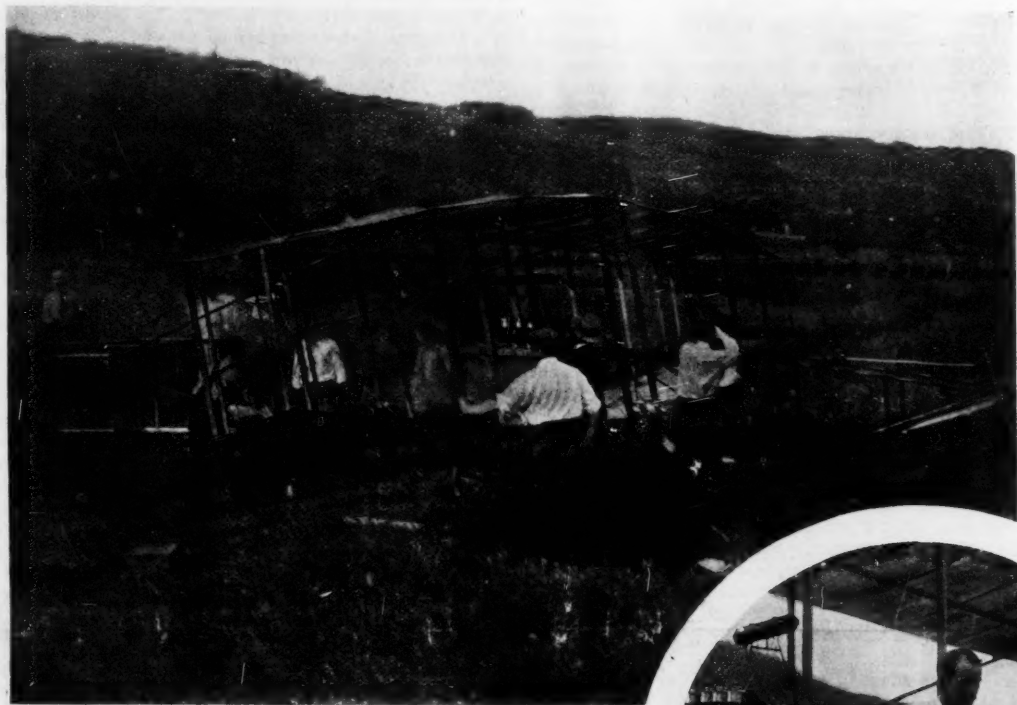
ONE of the evening papers has been quoting from an English journal a "Description of the Rocky Mountains." Has anything at all approaching the adequate been written as yet about those amazing mountains? Having seen them, can anyone ever read another man's description of them without impatience? One would need to live for years with those gigantic hills to be their chronicler—one would need to commune with them for a lifetime to be their interpreter. As your train steals in among them at first your feeling is one of disappointment—they are so great in the mass that they individually seem almost insignificant. Then, as the puny train threads its way, the authority of each separate mountain begins to assert itself, until soon the traveller feels an impulse to kneel, without caring to whom or to what. His impulse is to bow to the power stupendous with which he is surrounded. To his right and to his left he sees continents upended, while the railway line makes daintily chosen and insinuating advances around the bases of colossal eminences which, should they deign to resent the encroachments of man, could, with a fretful shrug, engulf beyond the extreme hope of engineering skill, the whole venture, in chaos. Only the trifier writes of the Rockies with freedom. Even Kipling had the grace to gaze and be still.

IT has been said that man is curiously a creature of habit. A traveller, recently returned from a trip in the West, tells us that he came across a settlement of Ontario people nesting against the base of the Rocky Mountains, where, in the bush, they had cleared, with great labor, some land and put in a small crop of oats and potatoes. He desired to know why they had crossed a continent of prairie land ready for the plough, to burrow in thick timber. They replied that timber covers the best soil, and they were satisfied that they had secured the choicest portion of the green earth.

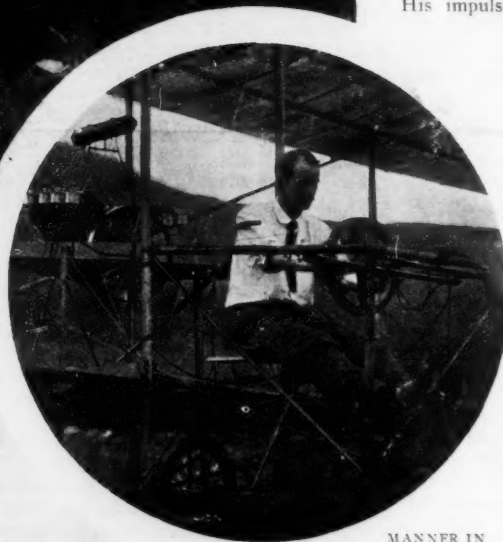
These people came of the timber slayers of Ontario. They were a hardwood bush folk. They looked for such a country as they knew what to do with, and finding it, were happy.

THE other day a most interesting little editorial appeared in the Toronto Star under the title "Back to the Land." It spoke of the movement back to the land as being one full of hope and of possibilities of social betterment. "Things are coming the farmers' way," said the article. "Agriculture has been recognized as one of the liberal arts and brought within the range of liberal education. Many of the conveniences and requirements supposed to be peculiar to city life have been brought into the farmer's home. But the farmer and his family have other things that can by no means be added to the life of the city—cheap food, abundance of air and sunlight, vast spaces, wide landscapes that rest the tired eye. The farmer, engrossed by toil, may not always consciously appreciate these advantages, but if he migrates to the city he will soon miss them and realize his loss."

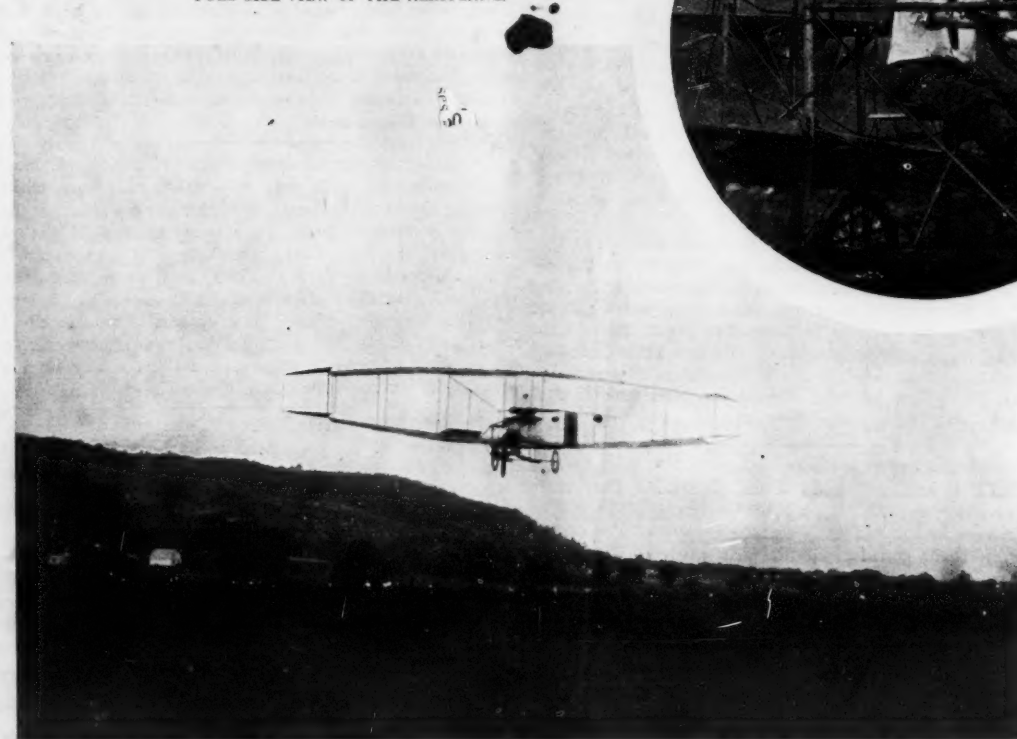
All of which is very true and well worth saying. But let us turn for a moment to a big display advertisement that appeared recently in the same daily journal, and inserted by the management with a view to inducing country boys to read the "Want Advs." in its columns. "Big brained business men," said the advertisement, "come from the country. The cities would die as Rome did if the tow-headed little fellows, used to hard work on the farm, did not come to the cities every year to take the place of the city man, weakened through generations of toil and confinement in offices and factories of the large cities." The idea is to induce country boys to come on in and get weakened. "Country Boys!" shouted the advertisement, "You are needed in the cities. You can use your farm strength to take you from the position of office boy to that of manager. There is an opportunity for you in the city every day. Some big concern wants you and wants you badly." However, the country boy was advised to stay at home and read The Star want ads, until he saw his chance, then "pack your carpet bag, kiss mother and dad good-bye, and come to the city." In a few years you may be able to send back to the farm for your mother and your dad; you can put them in a big house in the city, where they won't have



FULL SIDE VIEW OF THE AEROPLANE.



MANNER IN WHICH CURTIS, THE OPERATOR, CONTROLS THE AEROPLANE.



REAR VIEW IN FULL FLIGHT.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S AEROPLANE, THE JUNE BUG, IN ITS FLIGHT.

he would have passed the clump of bushes to the right without coming near the reptile. What agency was at work here? Was it chance—or what?

A commercial traveller spending Sunday in one of the towns on the great lakes accepted an invitation to go for a sail with some young men, but on his way to the wharf he met one of his customers who persuaded him to return to the hotel. He waved to the sailing party to go on without him, which they did. A squall came up, the boat capsized and the four young men were drowned. Was chance operating here—or what?

Last winter a young man was walking down Yonge Street when he paused to look in at a window where neck-ties were displayed. He paused there for precisely the necessary length of time to bring him to the centre of the next street crossing at the instant when a runaway team swung off Yonge street and smashed into him, with fatal results. If he had not paused at that window he would have passed the danger point before the horses got there, or had he paused longer at the window he would not have reached the danger point until the horses had dashed by. How account for this?

In a small town the other day an old man stopped

Nebraskan who, in 1896, was flung unready into the presidential contest. He has ripened since then. Willis J. Abbott, in a magazine article, speaks of him as "the new Bryan," but says truthfully that the times and the issues have changed much in the past fourteen years. The greater acceptance with which his views are now received is less due to his modification of them, than to a better public acquaintance with them. The reforms he would introduce are not so upsetting in their nature as they seemed at first sight. "I remember well," writes Mr. Abbott, "and so, too, will most New Yorkers, the wonderful and impressive parade of New York business men during the 1896 campaign, which filled Broadway from the Battery to Forty-second street, and which was held as a protest against Bryan. The new Bryan has been asked within the last few months to address many of the associations which then paraded,—associations of bankers, of publishers, of manufacturers,—and has found a hearty welcome and a respectful hearing at all. I recall, too,—for in that '96 campaign I was deeply interested,—the bitterness of the financial community in Chicago against Bryan and all his works; but now he cannot pass through the city without

to work from four in the morning until dark at night."

After listening to these two heart-to-heart talks from our esteemed contemporaries we are somewhat at a loss to know whether The Star's sympathy is with the movement of people back to the land or with the migration of people citywards. Or is it aiming to induce city people to go farming, and farm people to swarm over the cities?

It is true that tow-headed boys from the farm have come into Toronto and have reached places of prominence, but it is true likewise that thousands of others have come in and have reached nothing—have worked and worn themselves out in meaner employments and in a shallower life than any they would have known had they remained on the land. The success of many men in the city who have come from small places is often more seeming than real. Much of it is but a surface success, while underneath is disappointment and failure. There is the look of opulence, but not the real thing. There is the appearance of ease, while a thousand business anxieties are at work. But it is useless to talk in this way. Men will strive and climb and search, for a man knows only what he finds out for himself.

ON Saturday last the Orange procession caused a block in the street car service at two points in the west end of the city, and the company stopped the entire service for an hour and a half. The whole system came to a standstill at a time of day when tens of thousands of people were in motion, going this way or that, to make use of the half-holiday. Somewhere between the Orange Order and the Street Railway Company lies the blame for a gross injustice done the people of the city. No doubt, the Orangemen are deserving of blame for having blocked the tracks, but they do not seem to have caused sufficient interference with traffic to warrant the company in suspending the entire service. Manager Fleming lost his temper and a cityful of people had to put up with the consequences. It is intimated by the editor of the Orange Sentinel that Mr. Fleming acted as he did on Saturday owing to a desire on his part to anger the public mind against the Boyne processionists, this desire originating in the fact that Mr. Fleming's life has been embittered by his failure to be accepted as a member of one of the local Orange lodges. The suggestion is that, frustrated in his ambition, he sought revenge against the Order by making its parade a source of great inconvenience to the people.

Be that as it may, the blocking of the streets and the suspension of the car service was unnecessary. A little sensible co-operation between the processionists and the car service, a little firmness on the part of the police as representing the public interests, could have caused everything to pass off smoothly.

Bismarck on Eloquence.

BISMARCK was not only destitute of the oratorical faculty, but he thought lightly of those who made eloquent speeches. "These eloquent gentlemen," said he to Doctor Busch, who reports the words in his "Bismarck: A Diary," "are really like ladies with small feet. They force them into shoes that are too tight for them, and push them under our noses on all occasions in order that we may admire them. It is just the same with a man who has the misfortune to be eloquent. He speaks too often and too long."

"A citizen of Potsdam," Bismarck further said, on another occasion, "told me he had been deeply impressed by a speech of Radowitz's. I asked him to show me the passage that had particularly stirred his feelings. He could not mention one. I then took the speech and read it through to him, but it turned out that there was nothing in it either pathetic or sublime."

"As a matter of fact, it was merely the air and attitude of Radowitz, who looked as if he were speaking of something most profound and significant and thrillingly impressive—the thoughtful mien, the contemplative eye, and the sonorous and weighty voice. The gift of eloquence has greatly spoiled parliamentary life."

"We have one body that is not in the least eloquent, and has nevertheless done more for the German cause than any other; that is the Federal Council. I remember that at first some attempts were made in that direction. I cut them short. I was president, and I addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, eloquence and speeches intended to affect people's convictions are of no use here, as every one brings his own convictions with him in his pocket—that is to say, his instructions. It is merely a waste of time. I think we had better restrict ourselves to statements of facts." And so we did. No one made a big speech after that, business was speedily transacted, and the Federal Council has really done a great deal of good."

Chamberlain's Joke.

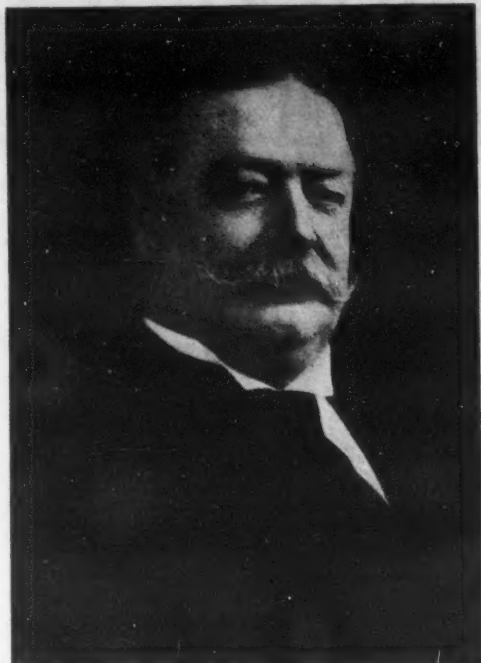
MR. JESSE COLLINGS, the veteran English M.P., is shortly to celebrate his golden wedding. Mr. Collings is one of the most interesting of the older British politicians, and no one to look at him to-day (says M.A.P.) would think that he was born six years before Queen Victoria came to the throne. Mr. Collings will go down to posterity as the mover of the amendment to the Address in favor of Small Holdings, which caused the resignation of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1886, and he will also be gratefully remembered for the services he has rendered to British agriculture.

There is an amusing story told of a trick that Mr. Chamberlain once played on Mr. Collings at an election meeting. Both gentlemen had an effective anecdote which they used to tell alternately at their campaign meetings, the understanding being that whoever spoke first should have first call on the yarn. At one meeting, Mr. Collings arrived rather late, and the chairman immediately called upon him to address the audience. As he went on with his oration he began to lead up gradually to the famous anecdote, but before he had time to tell it he suddenly felt a gentle pull at his coat-tails. Turning round, he beheld Mr. Chamberlain regarding him with an anxious face. "I have already told them the story," he whispered warningly. So Mr. Collings, much disappointed, omitted it from his speech. A little later, Mr. Chamberlain rose to speak, and, to the surprise of Mr. Collings, he immediately proceeded to tell the fatal yarn.

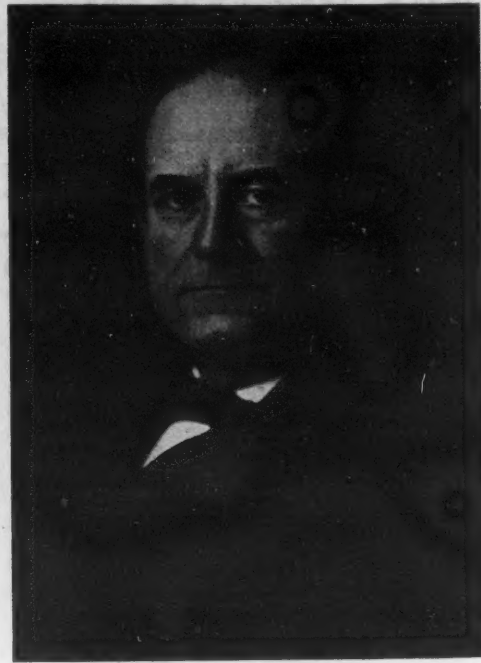
An Art Discussion.

UNDER the signature of "The Lay Figure," The Studio (one of the most beautiful of English monthlies) discusses some aspects of artistic life. Here is what "The Lay Figure" heard of a discussion on "Narrowness of Mind":

"I would like to preach a sermon," said the Man with the Red Tie, "on the curious narrowness of view with which people are afflicted in their dealing with artistic questions. Has it never occurred to you that the general public regard pictures as practically the only things worthy to be reckoned as works of art? A few abnormally en-



HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT,
Republican Candidate for the Presidency of the
United States.



HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
Democratic Candidate for the Presidency of the
United States.

lightened persons go so far as to count sculpture as an art, but the great majority recognise painting, and painting alone, as the medium for artistic expression."

"Is there anything surprising in that?" asked the Plain Man. "Painting, dealing as it does with form and color, is the one complete art. Sculpture is cold and lifeless; it makes no appeal to the higher aesthetic emotions, and it leaves one unconvinced. It is only half an art at its best."

"What do you know about the aesthetic emotions?" cried the Man with the Red Tie. "Where did you pick up that phrase? You imply that form and color are the most important things in art. If I admit that, for the sake of argument, would you tell me whether you do not find them in other things besides pictures?"

"Not in the same degree," replied the Plain Man. "Of course, you will find form and color in examples of the applied arts, but work of this kind is so much easier that you cannot put it on the same level as painting; and surely you would not call the craftsman an artist."

"Why not?" broke in the Art Critic. "Does he not possess imagination and technical skill, and if he has these and implies them worthily, in what does he fall short of the artists' rank?"

"Well, his work tells no story," returned the Plain Man; "it has no meaning. It does not set one thinking in any way, and it satisfies no intellectual demand."

"It does not set you thinking," interrupted the Man with the Red Tie, "because you are incapable of understanding it. Your art tastes, such as they are, do not go far enough to enable you to realize what art means."

"Perhaps that it so," sneered the Plain Man; "but, at any rate, my mental incapacity is shared by the artists themselves. Can you tell me of any of our leading art societies which admit to their exhibitions other works besides pictures, except in a half-hearted way? Can you tell me of any art society which has not this narrowness of mind?"

"Not many in this country, I am afraid," sighed the Critic. "I am sorry for it. Abroad, I admit there is wider outlook; but we are still under the influence of prejudice. Our Royal Academy, the chief of our art institutions, is one of the worst offenders; the only arts it recognises are painting first, sculpture second, and engraving a very bad third. It has annually two picture exhibitions, one of which is superfluous, and to the other it admits a few things besides paintings—of all the other arts it takes no cognizance whatever."

"I would like to see one of its shows devoted to the work of those other artists who are every bit as important as the picture-painters; to the productions of the designers, the metal workers, the enamellers, and all those other craftsmen who are keeping alive great artistic traditions. In past centuries men of this type ranked among the masters; that they do not do so now in this country is partly the fault of that Academy, which teaches the public to undervalue them."

The Exhibit of Empire Builders.

WRITING in The World's Work, of London, Percival Landon says:

Perhaps in spite of the exquisite beauty of the silver casket, it is the world of significance which must be conjured up by its contents, that will remain the deepest impression in the minds of visitors to the Franco-British Exhibition. At every point in the wide circle of human interests these two ancient enemies and ancient friends are necessarily contrasted.

Education, art, science, commerce, sports, pleasures, quidquid agunt homines—there is hardly an unrepresented method, occupation, preference, prejudice, or tendency. Here the warm vivacity of France bears away the palm beyond cavil or dispute; there the dogged if unimaginative certainty of purpose carries the English beyond competition. Among all these different spheres of effort or interest, another can hardly be named in importance beside the most elementary of all, the comparative power of France and England to break fresh ground beyond the seas and lay those foundations of civilization and prosperity upon which, after all, the whole vast edifice of either's empire is of necessity supported.

Yet there are many things to be remembered in contrasting these two of the three greatest colonizing forces of the day, England, France and Holland—for Germany, with all her many acres, has hardly even now begun to regard them as other than conquered realms that may indeed add gliding to the imperial title, but cannot as yet be a means of winning material prosperity either for themselves or for the fatherland. In sheer bulk of population and of extent there is, indeed, an overwhelming advantage on the side of the British Empire. It was a shrewd man, if unkind, who said the sun never set upon the same British Empire as it had set upon the previous evening, and it is difficult to make an accurate estimate at any given moment of its mass.

Probably—at any rate, during the exhibition—it may be said with fair accuracy that the English flag waves over 11,200,000 square miles of the surface of this planet, and that 397,000,000 of its inhabitants are subjects of King Edward, including, under both heads, the newly acquired territory in the Malay States. The possessions of France are of a more stable nature, and the totals

in her case may be said to be 4,320,000 square miles and 83,800,000 inhabitants.

The exhibition demonstrates in a very practical way the strong hold which France has upon the girdle of the earth. The tropics seem to belong to her almost as much as to us, and if she possesses no stupendous dependency like India, she, for the rest, holds her own well with ourselves. Even in India she still jealously claims jurisdiction over isolated enclaves, and never a mail train runs into Calcutta save with the leave and license of our friends across the Channel.

But it is elsewhere that France has found her fields of conquest. She has sought the sun where it might nearest be found, and her signature is writ large over northern Africa.

SPEAKING at the recent meeting of school trustees in Toronto, Mr. J. G. Elliott, of Kingston had something to say about the importance of playgrounds. "The playground," said he, "may be made a means of development if properly controlled. I would have spaces in every village, town and city to be purely the recreation spots for boys and girls. I would have the games under control of a field instructor or assistants chosen from among the boys themselves. The cities and towns have policemen, jailers, inspectors, high-priced men, whose duties are chiefly to seek to improve the morals of the vicious, to help in the reformation of the evil ones; why not have the corporation pay for an officer whose aim would be to keep the youths in integrity, uprightness, and purity. It would save many thousands of dollars for good citizens are cheap; it is the perverse and wicked in every place that create guardians of the law, and put the taxes upon the honest and upright. I would change this. I believe if we can train the child into avenues of physical courage, fair play, and fair treatment we will have done much to improve the tone and character of the community. There is no better time to mould character in boys, and girls, too, than while they play, and an astute and earnest man, full of tact and experience, can arouse a spirit of honor and uprightness that will be a stake driven deep, and hard to uproot when manhood with its responsibilities presses hard upon them."

IN relating his impressions of King Edward, M. Noel Dorville, the black-and-white artist, tells how, while drawing the king's portrait at Buckingham Palace for the Entente Souvenir Album, His Majesty criticised his work with great discrimination, remarking: "We have rather artistic tastes in my family. The Queen, my mother, drew very well, and I myself wielded the pencil when a boy. Apropos, how do you fix your drawings, monsieur? I used to fix them simply with milk, and remember that during some of my first attempts I drank the milk instead of using it for the drawings."

MR. ROBERT BIRMINGHAM, the once famous organizer of the Conservative Party, spoke in Hamilton at the Orange celebration on Saturday last. "Where," he asked, "are the Hamilton Members of Parliament and aldermen?" He said they were skulking somewhere, not having the courage to join in the Orange demonstration. "I tell you with pride," said Mr. Birmingham, "that eight members of Parliament and seven aldermen are waiting to-day in the Orange procession in Toronto."

THE Buffalo Commercial announces that the Republican presidential ticket will be "Taft and Trusts." The Boston Transcript retaliates by suggesting that the Democratic ticket will be "Bryan and Busts."

AS the world grows better a modern police force will have less and less to do with the crimes of the laws, and more and more to do with the comfort of the law abiding.—Toronto Telegram.

A READER in Nevada, in sending a renewal of subscription to SATURDAY NIGHT, says: "We have nothing like it in Nevada."



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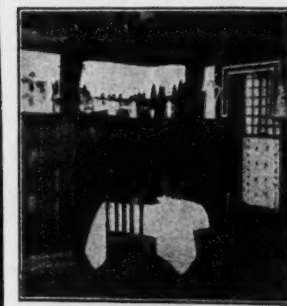
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Delicious Ice Creams, Sodas
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Special Lunch EVERY DAY FOR
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If you are looking for that kind of a place
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The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

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ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

Synopsis of Canadian North-west
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section if 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

TO THE SEASHORE IN COMFORT

take the handsome Grand Trunk train leaving Toronto daily at 9 a.m. with its Cafe Parlor car (meals a la carte), and get into a Pullman, reaching Portland (631 miles) for early breakfast next morning, without any change. There is also through sleeper to Boston. The ride along Lake Ontario's shore and River St. Lawrence, over a smooth double-tracked line, is delightful; or you have choice of leaving Toronto at 10.15 p.m. and enjoying the interesting and attractive day ride between Montreal and Portland, through the mountains and valleys of New England, reaching Portland in the afternoon. Round Trip Tourist Tickets now on sale at very low rates—good all season. For tickets and full information call at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

"I heard him behind the door pleading for just one. They must be engaged." "Naw, they're married. It was a dollar he was pleading for."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MONTREAL, JULY 15.

THE Montreal, Light, Heat and Power Company has no longer the monopoly for electrical energy in and about the city of Montreal. The City Council has at last, after months of dickering, given the necessary permission to the Robert Syndicate, or as it is now known, the Canadian Light and Power Company, to enter the city and erect its poles, wires and other electrical accessories. This company, it will be remembered, obtained some time ago from the Federal Government the right to develop power from the Beauharnois canal, the old time waterway, leading from Lake St. Louis westward toward the Great Lakes, and which became obsolete when the present Soulanges canal was completed and put in commission. According to the contract between the city and the Canadian Light and Power Company the latter is to develop 5,000 horse-power of electricity by 1910 and 20,000 by 1915, and the rates to be charged are at least one-third lower than those now in force by the Light, Heat and Power Company. The Canadian Light and Power Company is bound hand and foot by contract not to sell or otherwise dispose of its franchise, the idea being to obstruct, if possible, any attempt to gobble it up by the present electrical monopoly. This is the thing the citizens fear most. Past experience shows that there has always been a way by which this could be accomplished, and another gobble would only mean that the Power Company would tack the cost price and a good deal more upon the long suffering citizens. This, at least, has been the experience so far as noted by the taking in of the Lachine Hydraulic and Land Company and all the other organizations which now make up the Power Monopoly. Something in the way of honest competition will be a boon to Montreal, for to-day the citizens are buying electrical energy at rates which in any other centre of like size on the Continent would be deemed horrific. In this regard the position of the present Power Monopoly is somewhat unique. In the shifts and turns necessary to round off the Light, Heat and Power Company a large bonded indebtedness as well as a large stock issue was accumulated, and it is reckoned by those who know that to-day all the plants and other electrical accessories of the Light, Heat and Power Company, throwing in for good measure the gas plant, could be duplicated for the bonded debt of \$9,000,000, and that the \$17,000,000 of stock means just that much water which must earn dividends. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that electricity is high in and about the city of Montreal, and is as good a lesson in practical economies as one could wish to see; for, of course, the \$17,000,000 really represents the city's share in the enterprise. Had it not been for a lot of good natured people who stand around and allow themselves to be gouged it would not have been possible to have added \$17,000,000 of water to \$9,000,000 of real money and worth, and then hold up the citizens for sufficient money to pay handsome interest on the aforesaid debt. Of course, all this \$17,000,000 does not represent profit to the organizers of the present monopoly; for they in their turn had to pay a fine profit to the owners and promoters of the original corporations in order to secure them. The result, however, is the same, and the people pay the piper. And now it will be interesting to watch the career of the new-born corporation and see where the people get off; for it goes without saying that the promoters will get theirs all right. They always do.

Every time the Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury in the McKinley administration, comes to town, and this is quite often, the story that he, with a number of other United States capitalists, are endeavoring to acquire the Montreal Street Railway and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company is revived. Just why Mr. Shaw, who has the reputation of knowing a thing or two, should want to acquire these two enterprises and have an idea that he could do so at a figure which would leave his syndicate any margin of profit is hard to conceive. In the first place, the Montreal Street Railway could hardly be improved upon by a change of management. As street railways go it takes no back seat for any on the Continent, or in the world for that matter, not even excepting Glasgow's much boasted line. And to-day if the City Council acted in the interests of the city, the M. S. R. would be watering the streets, by modern methods, hauling freight at far less than it now costs and removing snow during the winter at about fifty per cent. reduction on the present outlay. As regards the acquisition of the Power Company it is indeed hard to figure out how any new syndicate could squeeze much more money out of the citizens. The present corporation has already got this down to a fine art. Perhaps some day the ex-Secretary will let us in on his secret. At the same time if United States capitalists are anxious to invest money in Canada, and particularly in the development of water powers there are plenty yet undeveloped, almost if not quite as good as the great Shawinigan on the St. Maurice. On the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific in this Province there is a water power (at La Tuque) which some day will be of enormous value; and even now it is said that this great fall of water can be so handled as to bring into such centres as Montreal thousands upon thousands of horse-power at a moderate outlay.

Financial matters with the Dominion Iron and Steel Company have, it appears, reached an acute stage. The Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce are demanding their money, now long overdue, and President Plummer is hustling about Europe trying to raise the amount necessary to pay off the present floating indebtedness. If President Plummer is not successful in his present mission then it may mean a forcing of the Steel Company to take the terms offered by the Dominion Coal Company. Then the fat will be in the fire for sure. The terms, according to the steel directors, are not good enough, and on the other hand the banks interested evidently think that they are pretty fair, good enough anyhow to meet their own demands for cash, and this is really as far as they care. As time goes on the affair grows more interesting.

President P. H. Roy, of the wrecked Banque St. Jean, has at last succeeded in obtaining bail, and is now waiting about for his trial to begin. This will take place at the autumn session of the King's Bench. There are two

charges against Roy. One is conspiring to defraud the creditors of the bank, and the other, sending out fraudulent reports. The bail demanded and given amounts to \$55,000, but as \$35,000 of this is personal bail, and as Roy's estate would not probably yield a brass farthing, it is much a matter of form. A project on foot to pay the creditors fifteen cents on the dollar, adjust the rest of the tangled matter and so preserve the bank's charter, has been nipped in the bud by the Canadian Bankers' Association, the members of which are bound that no more small banks will exist if they can help it. The project was put on foot by some of the larger stockholders and depositors—Roy, of course, having nothing to do with it one way or the other—the idea being that to preserve the charter would mean eventually a valuable asset. The promoters of the idea found, however, with the enormous weight of the Bankers' Association against them, that it was impossible to gather together their depositors, so the whole idea has fallen through. When a man finds the amalgamated banks of Canada on his trail he might just as well take to the tall timbers, so far as promoting any financial enterprise.

TORONTO, JULY 16.

THE Canadian banks are in stronger position than for years past. Loans to a large extent have been liquidated, and the banks have converted a larger share of their assets into cash. The amount of cash alone held is over \$147,000,000, which is eleven to twelve millions in excess of the amount held a year ago. The last report of the banks, that on May 31st, showed total deposits in these institutions were \$613,341,000, so that the proportion of cash to this liability was 24 per cent. This compares with 21 per cent. a year ago. Aside from this percentage of cash, the banks have investments in securities, most of which are liquid, and could, if necessary, be realized on within a reasonable time. But the amount of these securities referred to, such as Provincial Government issues, Canadian, municipal and British or colonial public securities, railway bonds and stocks, and short time loans secured by stocks and debentures, are in smaller amounts and less valuable than a year ago. The combined total of these assets are about \$164,000,000 as compared with \$174,000,000 a year ago. Our banks, as stated before, are unusually strong in cash, and will be amply prepared to cope with the crop movement, which this year promises to be a record one. The movement will also be earlier than usual, and should the greater part of the Western grown wheat be moved out before the close of navigation, great activity in trade and industry would ensue.

The Dominion Bank is one of the few in Canada that issue a semi-annual report. More of our banks should follow this practice. For the half year to June 30th the Dominion shows up strongly in cash and available assets. The cash resources amount to \$10,167,444, or nearly 30 per cent. of deposits, which are also unusually large. These deposits aggregate \$34,910,000, which, it will be noted, are heavy, as the paid-up capital of the bank is only \$3,975,757. Since the first of the year the increase in deposits has been \$700,000. In addition to the cash mentioned, the bank has \$6,500,000 in available investments and liquid loans. The current discounts amount to \$28,683,160, and the total assets aggregate \$47,217,872. The profits of the Dominion for the half year were equal to between 16 and 17 per cent. per annum on capital. The reserve fund is now \$4,973,333, or nearly \$1,000,000 more than paid-up capital, while the balance carried forward to profit and loss account is \$323,860.

There was comparatively little excitement at the meeting of shareholders of the Sovereign Bank, which was held here on Tuesday last. The doors were well tiled, and some non-shareholders who had proxies were refused admittance. The Shareholders' Committee, comprising Messrs. Wallace, Baird and MacLaren, had drawn up two reports, one by the former and the other by the latter two members. The Wallace report was probably too drastic, and did not meet the views of his associates. Mr. Wallace resigned from the Shareholders' Committee and his confreres were chosen directors along with Messrs. Jarvis, Senator MacLaren and Alex. Bruce. The by-laws were amended, reducing the number of directors from ten to five, and the new Board is composed of three old members and two gentlemen from the Shareholders' Committee. Friction will be thus avoided to a large extent, and liquidation proceed quietly. It seems to be pretty generally believed by the insiders that no double liability call on shareholders will be necessary, and many believe that a small dividend will be paid before liquidation of the bank is completed. One director made this statement: "There is a normal surplus of assets over liabilities of \$3,000,000. The liabilities are about \$10,000,000, and the assets \$13,000,000, so that with anything like judicious handling the shareholders will be assured 50 or 60 per cent., leaving a margin of 40 to 60 per cent. for loss between now and the final stage of the winding-up proceedings."

The statement of the assets and liabilities of the bank on December 31, 1907, shows that the notes in circulation amounted to \$1,988,585, deposits of \$11,215,507, and other balances of \$2,970,315, making a total of \$16,174,408. By the end of May, 1908, the liabilities had decreased \$1,727,875, in notes in circulation, \$10,352,452 in deposits and \$1,925,157 in balances, while in loans they had increased \$8,023,712. Other liabilities amounted to \$6,491, making a total net decrease of \$5,975,281.

Another stock that has had a considerable advance lately is Sloss-Sheffield, in which there is more or less of a Canadian interest. A few months ago the company reduced its dividends from 5 to 4 per cent. annually, but the stock has been strong since, the price having been discounted. The earnings of the company in May showed a gratifying increase over preceding months, but they are exceeded by those of June. The better showing is due more to the fact that new economies in operation, hitherto possible only in a smaller degree, are being practiced, than to a larger volume of sales. For example, the efficiency of labor has increased. Those in close touch with the company's affairs

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THE MOST IMPORTANT
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MENT OF SAVINGS IS

SECURITY

Bank of Hamilton

Capital - - - \$2,500,000
Reserve - - - 2,500,000

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received.

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Branches in Toronto: Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and Ossington, Cor. Yonge and Gould. West Toronto: 1

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

provides for its customers every banking accommodation,
coupled with perfect security and prompt, courteous
attention.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

The Rest Room in connection with the Women's Department
of this Bank is for the use of visitors to the City as well as for
our women customers. It is a pleasant place for meeting
friends or holding a short business conference.

THE NORTHERN CROWN BANK

34 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

DOMINION EXPRESS
MONEY ORDERS
FOREIGN DRAFTS
TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

ISSUED IN DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS
MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.

PAYABLE ALL OVER
THE WORLD

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS IN CANADA
GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO

\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF \$1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Interest compounded four times a year. No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,241,532.26

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Cars That Have Been Used

Do you realize that in buying a second-hand machine your greatest protection lies in reliability of the concern that sells it? It is just as advisable to use a cautious discretion in making your selection as would be the case in the purchase of a new car. Not one dissatisfied customer have we obtained who purchased a second-hand Oldsmobile.

There is a Reason

In every case, as soon as the car taken in trade is received, we dismantle it entirely and give it a thorough overhauling, then assembled with extreme care, repainted, all the minor details carefully looked after, and these are the reasons that we can afford to guarantee these cars to the purchaser the same as a new Oldsmobile.

Come, look them over and secure a bargain.

Oldsmobile Company of Canada, Limited

80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

DIVIDEND No. 72.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **ELEVEN PER CENT. (11%) PER ANNUM** upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Saturday, the 1st Day of August Next.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board, **D. R. WILKIE,** General Manager
Toronto, Ont., 24th June, 1908.

AGENTS WANTED
Guardian Assurance Co.
LIMITED
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
Apply Manager, Montreal

Silver to Depend On

Dependability is still another inherent characteristic of silverware marked

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Knives, forks, spoons, etc., so stamped have a wearing quality that in after years proves their true worth.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped

MERIDEN BRITA CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

"Silver Plate that Wears"



KING EDWARD HOTEL
IN NEW YORK

147th St.
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Just off Broadway

"The Very Heart of New York"

Absolutely Fireproof

350 Rooms 250 Private Baths
Every Modern Convenience
Single Rooms (Running Water), \$1.50
Single Rooms and Bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, \$4. and upward
Parlor, Two Bedrooms and Bath, \$6. and upward.
Write for Booklet.
KING EDWARD HOTEL CO.
JOHN HOOD, Pres. and Mgr.
Late of the New Tilt House, Buffalo, and Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ont.

London Life POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

Have you

provided for those who are dependent upon you?

Good intentions or good resolutions will not count for much when your widow is struggling to make a living.

Ask for booklet, "Endowment at Life Rate."

THE WAY TO THE SEA

is by the Grand Trunk fast express, leaving Toronto 9 a.m. daily, carrying through Pullman sleepers to Boston and Portland, and connecting daily, except Saturday, in Union Depot, Montreal, with the famous Ocean Limited, for St. John and Halifax, direct connection with Prince Edward Island. Full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

expect that while 1 per cent. may be declared on the common stock at the next directors' meeting, as at the last one, the old rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be restored not long thereafter. They point out that the current quarter's dividends are being fully earned.

The object of keeping gold reserves by banks is twofold. In the first place, it is a kind of insurance against crises. Every period of trade activity leads, sooner or later, to over-trading. The rates of interest and discount mount higher and higher, gold is shipped abroad, and alarm arises lest there should come a crisis. Since Sir Robert Peel's banking legislation, three times, says the London Statist, the Bank of England has had to violate the Bank Charter Act because of the great export of gold. Last autumn it bought about 3,250,000 sterling of bills simply to assist the London money market. It is quite true that last year and the year before the Bank of England did not apply to the Bank of France, and was in no way a party to the transactions mentioned. But great houses in London did apply to the Bank of France, and the Bank of France was so convinced that the transactions were necessary that it parted with the large amounts of gold stated. Clearly this is a condition of things which is unsafe to the whole trading community, is discreditable to our banking system, and ought to be brought to an end without delay. But the keeping of gold reserves has another and even more important object—namely, to foster the growth of the country's trade. If this country is to hold its own in the face of the keen competition to which it is now exposed, its traders must be able to count with certainty upon getting the accommodation from their bankers which they require.

The large hay crop this year is a valuable asset for this Province, owing to the growing importance of our dairy interests. J. A. Rudick, Dairy Commissioner, recently gave evidence before the Committee of Agriculture in respect to the progress made by the dairying industry of the Dominion and discussed the theory that because there has been a shrinkage in the exports of dairy produce to Great Britain the industry has not been making headway. The largely increased local consumption, he said, is in the main responsible for the reduction in the exports. He gave figures to show that between 1900 and 1907 the value of creamery butter, cheese, milk and condensed milk produced in Canada grew from \$29,200,000 to \$35,450,000. Including the dairy butter and all other products of the industry its annual value to the country is about \$94,000,000. Ten years ago, he said, no condensed milk was produced in Canada and at present there are several factories with an output valued at nearly \$1,000,000.

The agricultural exports of the United States, for the year ended June 30, have lately been issued by the Bureau of Statistics. The total value of the year's shipments, \$940,290,000, was the largest ever reported, except for the figures of last year, which were \$8,000,000 greater than those now shown. At the end of February shipments footed up \$43,000,000 greater than during the same months of the previous year, so that the total falling off since that time must have reached \$50,000,000. Had it not been for the enormous sales of wheat to Europe just after the panic, the year's total would have been heavily below the figures of the previous twelve months. As it is, the total showing is much more satisfactory than had been looked for.

Canada and the Golden Calf.

THE editor of the Detroit Saturday Night, having just returned from a vacation in northern Ontario, indulges in these reflections:

Canada is celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec, more of which will be found on page four of this issue. She is also celebrating the forty-first anniversary of Confederation. A recent Sunday was appointed for special patriotic services in the churches in connection with these national—and international—events. I happened to be in the Highlands of Ontario, where thousands of fortunate Americans spend vacation days, and heard a venerable Scotch divine voice some sentiments from the pulpit that are worthy of repetition. Those good people who have a lingering notion that the average Canadian is pining for annexation with the United States, and those other folks who have set their hearts on sexless suffrage, will be startled, if not convinced, by these sentiments. It was Rev. Dr. R. N. Grant, of Orillia, speaking.

"Canada," he declared, "is one of the greatest gifts God has ever bestowed on any people. And he has given us this land as truly as he ever gave Palestine to the children of Israel."

"If the sisters in London and elsewhere who want to vote so badly will bring up their boys and girls properly they will be doing a better service for the state than by marking a piece of paper at the polls. I don't know that marking a ballot ever ennobled any of us very much."

*** Anarchy in the nursery means anarchy in the state."

And those of us who have been tempted to bow the knee to the golden calf will doubtless find some food for reflection in this part of the reverend gentleman's humble and earnest supplication to the Deity:

"We confess, O God, that the worship of millionaires has begun to grow in our land. God forbid that it should ever take root here."

The Pioneer's Pay.

THE allegation that La Salle's will has been found is quite as interesting as though it were indubitably true. Commercially, of course, the document is unimportant. The territory in Canada and Illinois which the instrument purports to devise has long since been disposed of in a quite different manner.

No other explorer of the New World stands higher in achievement than La Salle. His path led from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi. His reward consisted of incredible toil, persistent hardship, continual disappointment, and, finally, an assassin's bullet.

Being an actual explorer and pioneer he might have saved himself the trouble of making a will. He should have known that what the man who goes first in any human walk commonly leaves is his bones—over which later and thriftier comers will dutifully raise a monument. Being invited to participate in an untried venture, Mr. Carnegie is said to have declared that "Pioneering don't pay."

The material reward lies not in tracking the wilderness, but in tracking the pioneer. This does not agree with statements that you will find in the biographies of many leading citizens; but it is true.—Saturday Evening Post.

Early Days in British Columbia

R. E. A. GOSNELL, provincial archivist of British Columbia, has written a series of most interesting articles dealing with bygone days in the coast province. These are at present being published in the Daily Times, of Victoria. In one of them Mr. Gosnell refers to the old Chinamen who are to be found along the coast. These old fellows, who are regarded there with curious interest, came from no one knows where. As a potato bug will mysteriously appear in a potato patch planted by a western settler hundreds of miles away from civilization, and other potato bugs, so these Chinamen have appeared wherever gold was found on the coast. To quote Mr. Gosnell:

There are still a few Chinamen scattered up and down the river. As miners they cleaned up what white men had left in the bars. It has often been asked where the Chinamen came from who mined in the river in 1858. They were among the first. I asked several of the old timers, but they could not tell me, the impression being that they had come from San Francisco. Luckily for the elucidation of this question, there is an old Chinaman in Yale who was there in 1858. His name is "Harvey," that is, his nick-name. What it was in Chinese deponent knoweth not. He lived with Mr. Harvey for some time, and so is known by that name alone. Harvey is a character, still straight and active, though over 70. He is a small man with beady eyes, alert as those of a fox. His unshaven face showed a crop of gray stubble and two long frosted locks hung down below his cap, betokening advancing years. Otherwise he might be taken for any age between 40 and three score.

"How long you here, Harvey?" I asked.
"Me fifty years. Come in fifty-eight. Allee same white man," replied he with pride and an evident desire to impart further information. "Me mine a long time—catch em plenty gold—ten—twelve thousand dolla."

"Heap rich now, eh, Harvey?" I queried.
"No, me lose him all—gamble. White men catch him all poker," and the old man laughed vociferously, showing the remnants of decayed teeth.

"You go back to China?" I asked.
"No, me no go back China—no good—Chinamen no sabbe me—all dead. Me likee Yale." Harvey delivered this utterance with a look denoting how absurd he considered such a proposition.

The old man, though fifty years in the country, has not improved his opportunities to learn English, and it was with difficulty he could be got to understand the main question as to how he got to Yale, but with the aid of by-standers he finally grasped the idea.

"We come Hongkong—Victoria—no go San Francisco—come ship. Heap Chinamen come same time—two, three ships—fifty-seven—fifty-eight—alée same Chinamen—two hundred one time—one hundred more time, sabbe?"

It appears that the news of gold in British Columbia had spread to Hongkong, and these early arrivals had been incited by visions of "heap gold." Harvey went on to explain that there had been few further importations for a long time, until in fact, the time of the C. P. R. construction, when there were, he said, 5,000 employed.

With an important air Harvey added, pointing to the track: "We put him down. White man no fix him."

I learned that Harvey was an inveterate gambler and had spent all his substance in that way. He worked for years with the Hudson's Bay Company and had entered into the ways and spirit of the white men and was more or less a privileged character as a pioneer of 1858 who had continuously resided in Yale for "fifty years."

The Wood Call.

OH I've been away in the woods for a day,
With the scent of the grape-bloom, bewildering,
sweet;
And the sun through the trees dripped its gold in the breeze,
Lacing over the moss for my world-weary feet.

The high-hole's sweet note from his golden-strung throat
Splashed and rippled the jewels all liquid along;
He answered the tone of my heart from his own.
A silver baptism of benison song.

There Beauty unfurled the delights of her world;
Like a banner soft floating it gleamed on my eyes,
From Claytonia that lay like pink stars o'er my way,
To the azure that blossomed the ambient skies.

Oh, I've been away in the woods all the day;
I have eaten the lotus of dreams, and I know
That the wild note that blew where the grape-blossom grew

Was the mystical pipe from which Pan used to blow.
—Isabel S. Mason, in Lippincott's.

Tipping in America.

AMERICAN newspapers have a great deal to say from time to time about the evils of the tipping practice as encountered in England and all the old lands; but the London Times comes back at them with this bit of comment:

Our correspondent at Chicago offers some comments on the lighter aspects of the Republican convention. The service in Chicago hotels, from the Auditorium downwards, is of the "wait on yourself and telephone" order. In spite of the enormously high prices paid for everything the service was abominable, and one had a constant struggle in order to get the bare necessities. The voracity for tips in America is insatiable. In Chicago even the lift boys seemed to hesitate to open the doors to let you out till you had tipped them.

It is nothing unusual for the boy who brings the iced water to linger and say:

"Anything else?"
"Nothing, thank you," you reply.
"What, nothing else?"
"Nothing, good night."
Another painful pause.

The boy retires, slamming the door violently, and the key falls on the floor.

Says that excellent illustrated weekly, Canada, published in London: Much hostile criticism has been raised by the action of the Canadian Government in deporting immigrants. All Canada does is to exercise her right to say to the Mother country, "Don't shoot your rubbish here." If a man is a bad citizen, a loafer, and has no trade at which he can work, Canada has no room for him. Can anyone blame her for that attitude?

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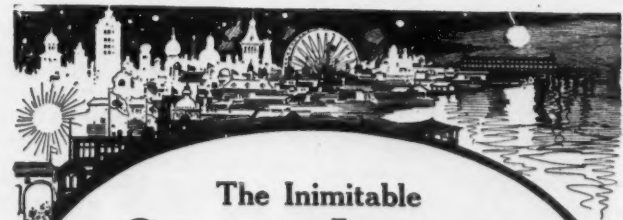


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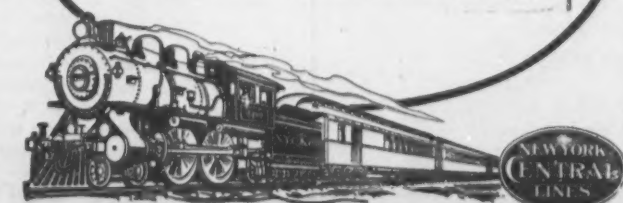
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Romance of Lost Mines

A MAGAZINE writer, T. C. Bridges, has brought to light some interesting stories of abandoned mines. He points out that along the western coast of Canada and the United States, among the burning foot-hills of New Mexico, in craggy gorges of the mighty Andes, and along the bare granite ranges which fringe the spinifex desert of Central Australia wander the hunters of lost mines.

There are never very many of them, and they are scattered thinly over enormous stretches of territory, but their numbers are fairly constant, for when one dies his precious secret or blackened, well-thumbed plans are bequeathed to a successor, and one more human being plunges into the wilderness, there to continue the endless search. The hardships are terrific. It is amazing how men can be found to endure them willingly. But it is faith that sustains the seekers—faith in the existence of that which they seek, and in the incredible richness of the deposit of gold, silver, or precious stones which the lost mine contains.

There is not a mining district in the world, from Alaska to Australia, which has not its tales of lost mines. Ophir, whence David and Solomon drew over twenty-three million pounds' worth of virgin gold, has been lost for more than thirty centuries; the Phantom Mine of Routh County, Colorado, has been sought for less than thirty years.

Though different in detail, there is one point of sameness in most stories of lost mines. In almost every case the prospector, having located one of nature's treasure-houses and brought back glittering samples to civilization, was making a second journey out to his bonanza when sudden death overtook him. Indians are responsible for many lost mines; grizzlies and panthers for some; avalanche, storm, or flood for others.

For instance, there is the Marryat Mine, which lies upon the eastern edge of California. Marryat was an old prospector who one day rode into the town of Clayton with his saddle-bags full of samples of gold ore so rich that they fairly sparkled. Having been assured by an analyst of the wealth of his specimens, Marryat rode away again on his rough broncho. Somehow the news leaked out, and two men, Temple and Boyce by name, followed on his trail. They camped next night a mile or two behind him. In the morning they rode on. A shocking sight awaited them. There by the ashes of his camp fire lay Marryat's body, scalped and terribly mutilated. That was in 1867. The Marryat Mine has never yet been refound.

It must not be imagined that all lost mines are legends. Some years ago a long-lost El Dorado was re-discovered. Its name is the "Wonderful" Silver Mine, and it may be seen by anyone who cares to travel to the spot, in the Slocan District of Southern British Columbia, just across the United States border. Its owner and worker is, or was at a recent date, Mr. W. W. Warner. More than thirty years ago Warner was mining in Idaho, and a dying fellow-miner, to whom he had been kind, told him of a mother lode of enormous richness in the mountains to the north. Loose silver washed from it was to be found at the base of the mountain. Warner located and leased the mountain in which the lost ledge was said to exist.

In the gravel at the bottom he found plenty of loose silver and he and his men washed out several thousand pounds' worth in the first two years. But, instead of satisfying him, this only made Warner the more eager to find the mother lode. The placer ground ceased to yield, the sluice boxes rotted, but Warner would not give up. He built a cabin and spent all day and every day prospecting. Nearly thirty years passed, and then one day, behind a thick clump of brushwood, Warner stumbled upon a hole in the rock evidently cut by human hands. It was choked with debris, but he soon cleared it. A few hours' work with pick and shovel, and there was the lode for which he had been searching for half a lifetime.

The most famous of lost gold mines is the Pegleg. So much is known of this vanished bonanza that it seems incredible that its position is still a mystery. Briefly, here is its story. In the year 1853 a wooden-legged tramp named Smith on his way from Yuma to Los Angeles, took a short cut across the desert. Not unnaturally he lost himself, and was forced to climb a toilsome hill in order to see if he could get his bearings. The hill was the highest of three which lay all together in a little clump. Arrived at last on its bare rounded summit Smith succeeded in finding a landmark, and was just going to descend again when he noticed that the ground was strewn with numbers of small, rounded pebbles of a curious dull bronzy color. Smith had a little collection of frontier curios, and he picked up a pocketful of the odd pebbles to add to it.

Eventually he reached Los Angeles in safety and placed the pebbles in his collection. Some three years later a friend who was a prospector happened to see these specimens.

He picked one up weighed it in his hand, scratched it. His eyes gleamed. "Where did you get these?" he demanded, in tones that shook with excitement.

Smith stared at him suspiciously. "Why do you ask?"

"They're gold, man—pure gold!" roared the other. Smith's eyes opened wide. His jaw dropped. "Gold!" he muttered, thickly. "An' there was tons of it!" Then he slipped fainting to the ground.

When he came to he was mad as a March hare. He raved of gold. After weeks of illness he got a little better, and, in semi-lucid intervals, told various people all he could remember of his marvellous find.

Scores went out and searched high and low. But they found nothing. Some died of thirst and hardships, some came home. But Smith was dead.

Years passed. The Pegleg Mine was almost forgotten, when suddenly San Bernardino was thrown into a state of the maddest excitement by the arrival of a prospector with a bagful of rusty-looking, rounded nuggets. He had never heard of the Pegleg, but he told of his discovery of the gold on the top of a rounded hill, the highest of a clump of three. Two men got hold of him, plied him with liquor, and before dawn next morning the three had disappeared from the town. Others attempted to trail them, but a sand-storm obliterated their footprints. They never came back. What became of them no one knows. Probably their skeletons bleach in some alkaline valley in the lonely hills.

But the story of the Pegleg is not yet finished. In the seventies, when the Southern Pacific was pushing its way across the desert, two surveyors picked up an Indian squaw nearly dead with thirst. In her handkerchief were knotted half a dozen of the familiar bronze nuggets.

They gave the woman water, but not a word would she say about the locality of her find, the value of which

she evidently knew full well. In the night she disappeared, went back, no doubt, to her own people, and she has never been seen again. But two nuggets which she left with the railway men were afterwards compared with some of Smith's original find, and that they came from the same source could hardly be doubted.

Since then scores of prospectors have tried to relocate the Pegleg, but if any have ever succeeded they have never come back to tell the tale. Yet that the mine is there in a space no larger than the county of Berkshire, and that it is, perhaps, the richest deposit of native gold in the whole world, there can be hardly any doubt. There are no Indians there now and few wild beasts. But neither is there any water. That is, perhaps, the true cause why the Pegleg yet remains a lost mine.

The Phantom Mine, mentioned at the beginning of this article, takes its name from the fact that, while it was found three times between 1880 and 1900, not one of its finders ever lived to return to it a second time. This wonderful golden ledge lies somewhere near Little Rock Creek, amid a tangle of ragged hills, in the north-western corner of Colorado.

One evening in October, 1881, an old prospector named John Boyle was crossing the head of a ravine among these hills when he slipped and went rolling down a steep slope, bringing with him a small avalanche of gravel and earth. He fetched up, half dazed, on a ledge many feet below, and sat there rubbing his eyes and feeling himself to make sure no bones were broken. Then his glance fell on the rock which he was sitting upon, and he started so violently that he nearly fell the rest of the way. The whole ledge was seamed with streaks and veins of virgin gold. For many minutes Boyle remained there motionless, lost in that maze of happy wonder which comes to a man when chance raises him in a moment from poverty to the command of millions. Never had he seen such a find, never even dreamed of one.

The sun had set before he at last got up and began chipping some specimens from the wonderful ledge. It grew dark rapidly. Boyle had a hard climb before him. He made up his mind to go back to his camp and return in the morning to stake out his claim.

His camp was not more than a mile away. He reached it safely, cooked his supper, and, exhausted with excitement, fell into a heavy sleep. When he awoke next morning six inches of soft snow covered everything, and the thick flakes were still falling. Boyle knew that delay meant death. He would be cut off in the mountains without food. He made straight for Denver, and succeeded in reaching that town in safety.

Next spring, as soon as the snow melted, he was off again. He found his old camping ground without difficulty, but search as he might he could not retrace his way to the golden ravine. All the summer long he toiled, till winter drove him home again. But the disappointment had been too great. Before the second spring came poor Boyle was dead.

Twelve years passed, and Boyle's story had become a camp-fire legend, when a man named Pollock, out on a shooting expedition in the same hills, wounded a wild cat and trailed it to a ledge at the head of a ravine. There the brute turned at bay, and Pollock climbed up and killed it. He was tired and out of breath, and sat down to rest.

Glancing idly at the rock on which he sat, it seemed to him of curious color. He knocked some pieces off with the heel of his boot and put them in his pocket. Pollock knew nothing whatever about minerals, and it was only by chance that he happened, weeks afterwards, to show his specimens to a friend in Denver. This man declared that the yellow streaks were free gold. Pollock rushed off to an assayer, who at once confirmed the opinion.

Next morning found Pollock on his way back to Routh County. But, like poor Boyle, he could not for the life of him find again the mysterious ledge.

Once more since then has the Phantom Mine been seen by human eyes. Its third finder was what is called a "lunger," an invalid stricken with phthisis, who had come from the east to Colorado in the hope of regaining his health. He was a poor man, but friends in Denver helped him to buy a wagon and sent him out into the hills to prospect. About three weeks later one of these friends received by post from a Routh County village a cigar box full of specimens. They were taken to the assayer who had tested Pollock's find. He declared them to be from the same source—the Phantom Mine.

The friend waited a week or two, then, as no more news came, he started in search of the invalid. He found the man's horse wandering in a valley, with some remnants of harness clinging to it, but the third finder of the Phantom Mine had vanished, and no one has ever found out what became of him.

A Pilgrim Song.

AH, little Inn of Sorrow,
What of thy bitter bread?
What of thy ghostly chambers,
So I be sheltered?
'Tis but for a night, the firelight
That gasps on thy cold hearthstone;
To-morrow my load and the open road
And the far light leading on!

Ah, little Inn of Fortune,
What of thy blazing cheer,
Where glad through the pensive evening
Thy bright doors beckon clear?
Sweet sleep on thy balsam-pillows,
Sweet wine that will thirst assuage—
But send me forth o'er the morning earth
Strong for my pilgrimage!

Ah, distant End of the Journey,
What if thou fly my feet?
What if thou fade before me
In splendor wan and sweet?
Still the mystical city lureth—
The quest is the good knight's part;
And the pilgrim wends through the end of the ends
Toward a shrine and a Grail in his heart.

—Charlotte Wilson in Scribner's Magazine.

Sir Charles Santley in his "Art of Singing" combats the opinion that tobacco is injurious to the voice. He once thought so himself, "but," he says, "I changed my tune when indigestion and domestic bliss began to interfere with my work and temper. I was advised to try the soothing effect of tobacco. I did, and in a short time I could digest ten-penny nails, anything, even slighting remarks made about the weed by feeble-minded scoffers, and I bore the squalling of the baby and smashing of crockery, not to mention other little disturbances, with perfect equanimity."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Wednesday, July 8, St. Paul's Church, Newmarket, was the scene of perhaps the prettiest wedding ever solemnized within its old walls, when Miss Leila Euphemia, eldest daughter of Mr. C. G. Ross (manager of the Bank of Montreal) and Mrs. Ross, was united in marriage to Mr. John Franklyn Harvey, of Peterboro. Rev. Canon Spragge, of Cobourg, an uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, was beautifully gowned in a semi-Empire gown of white crepe de chine over taffeta, trimmed with pearls and point lace. She wore her mother's wedding veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Elsie Ross, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and Miss Christine Barker, of Picton, was bridesmaid. Both were dressed in white marquisette over taffeta and wore white hats with white tulle pompons and touches of green and carried bouquets of pink sweet peas. Mr. Irvine D. Ross, of Renfrew, brother of the bride, acted as best man, and Mr. Lyall Scott, of Toronto, and Norman Rogers, of Newmarket, as ushers. During the signing of the register, Miss Barker sang Guy d'Hardelot's "Because." At the conclusion of the wedding ceremony Mendelssohn's wedding march was rendered as the bridal party left the chancel. The church, which was most beautifully decorated with marguerites and ferns, was filled with friends of the contracting parties. Among the invited guests were noticed Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Harvey, Mrs. R. B. Cowley and Miss Watt, Hon. Frank Cochrane, Mrs. and Miss Cochrane, Mrs. Hogaboom, Mr. and Mrs. Gildart Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Roaf, Toronto; Mr. and Miss Bridgeland, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill, Bracebridge; Miss Beeton, Orillia; Miss Rennie, Peterboro; Canon and Mrs. Spragge, Cobourg; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott, Sutton West; Dr. Hillary, Major and Mrs. Nicol, Aurora. Mrs. Ross, the bride's mother, was gowned in grey colienne with touches of old lace and purple panne velvet, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of mauve orchids. The scene at "Rossmore," the hospitable home of the bride's parents, during the reception and breakfast that followed the church service, was a brilliant one. An exceedingly valuable and varied collection of bridal gifts were displayed and duly admired. The groom's gift to his bride was a diamond and sapphire ring. On leaving "Rossmore" for their trip to Toronto and points east, the utmost efforts of the happy couple were unsuccessful in evading the usual showers of rice and confetti. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will in future reside in Peterboro, whence the well-wishes of a host of friends follow them, Newmarketers feeling that in reluctantly parting with the universally beloved bride they are losing, one and all, quite the most popular young lady who has left in a decade.

Col. Sir Henry Pellatt, Lady Pellatt and Capt. Reginald Pellatt left yesterday for Quebec to attend the Tercentenary. They were accompanied by the famous white horse, Prince, which will be ridden by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, who have recently returned from abroad, had the honor, while in Japan, of dining with His Imperial Majesty of Japan.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, who have been spending ten days with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald at Niagara-on-the-Lake, will visit Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt on the Georgian Bay before leaving to spend the remainder of the summer at Penetang.

Mr. W. Mackenzie King, of Ottawa, is in Montreal for a time.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's fortnightly dance takes place on Tuesday evening and a large number of the tables for dinner are already engaged, assuring the success of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien have gone to their summer place in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land have taken a cottage at Oakville for the season.

Some of the young people who enjoyed the Argonaut's dance on Monday evening were: Miss Edna McIntosh, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Edith Snelgrove, Miss Muriel Boehme, Miss Case, Miss Grantham (Hamilton), Miss Ellen Mosier (Buffalo), Miss Florence Boyder (London), Miss Olive Wheaton, Miss Browning, Miss Pritchard, Miss Ruby Main, Miss Norma Ferry, Miss Helen Brown, Miss Helen Murray, Mrs. A. Parse, Miss

Lee, Miss Gussie Gillies, Miss Balfour, Miss Walker, the Misses Boland, Mr. Alex Douglas, Mr. Adair Gibson, Mr. Herbert Locke, Mr. C. K. Dodds, Mr. J. L. Bigley, Mr. Frank McLaughlin, Mr. Harold Shapley, Mr. W. G. Laird, Mr. R. Burns, Mr. John Wheaton, Mr. Sidney Dugan, Mr. C. F. Frees, Mr. M. P. Godfrey, Mr. Walter Green, Mr. Lionel Hoskins, Mr. Louis Monahan, Mr. J. F. Boland, Mr. Frank Fulton, Mr. W. M. Rowe, Mr. J. M. Hunt, Mr. Ross Gunn, Mr. J. M. Gouinlock, and J. D. Spence.

Mrs. Lincoln Hunter is at Lake Simcoe, the guest of Mrs. Reginald Capreol.

Col. and Mrs. Grant have been staying at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, for some time. Mrs. Grant, who is at present at Preston Springs, will rejoin Col. Grant at Niagara shortly.

Mrs. Irving Madison (who was one of our prettiest girls as Marjorie Machray) is stationed at Fort Niagara with her husband and will be a most welcome visitor at the hops in the Casino this season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dunlop (Pembroke) and Mr. C. A. E. Harris (Ottawa) are at the Queen's Hotel.

Mrs. Glyn Osler (Ottawa) has been in town for a short visit to her mother, Mrs. James Scarth and has accompanied her to the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. and Miss Braithwaite are staying with Mrs. Hendrie in Hamilton.

The Hon. Adam Beck, who has just returned from England, has been spending a few days at the Queen's Hotel.

The Hon. Robert Rogers, of Ottawa, is at the King Edward. The Countess de Bearn and the Viscount de Coudray (Paris), who were also at the King Edward, left on Wednesday to attend the Tercentenary at Quebec.

Mrs. Samuel Thompson returned to Niagara-on-the-Lake on Wednesday.

Mrs. McConkey and her daughter, Mrs. Wood, of Pittsburg, have gone to Quebec to stay with friends for the Tercentenary.

The marriage of Miss Jennie Grimes to Mr. Walter Jilcher Scheiss was solemnized at 2.30 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, July 2, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Brown, Lakeview avenue. Rev. G. S. Faircloth, of King street Methodist Church, officiated. The bride was gowned in a smart navy blue travelling costume, with white hat and was attended by her sister, Miss Mary E. Grimes. The groom's man was Mr. Russell Hewetson. The groom's present to the bridesmaid was an opal ring and to the groom's man a pearl pin. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Scheiss left on a trip to the States. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Scheiss will reside at 37 Grove avenue.

Arrivals for the past week at Hotel Kawartha were: Messrs. C. H. Moore, Cobalt; E. P. Bell, C. B. Bell, Cobourg; V. M. Graham, E. P. Rutherford, Toronto; Mrs. J. H. Sharpe, Miss Lillian Wright, Buckhannon, West Va.; W. W. Wright, Cadiz, Ohio; Frances Wright, Robert Frey, wife and child, Connellsville, Pa.; W. E. Reesor, J. Curwell, Lindsay; J. Galbraith, Searforth; A. Hope, Antigua, S.A.; A. C. Hope, Trinidad, British West Indies; F. Gregory, Lindsay; C. J. Tidy, C. F. Tidy, Miss Barrett, Mrs. Jas. Paleny, Toronto. Fishing has been particularly good; one catch was of 16 fine bass and two maskinonge in two hours by Messrs. W. W. Wright, F. Wright and Robert Felty.

The following Toronto guests have registered at the Hotel Brant: Mr. and Mrs. P. Leadlay, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hammond, Mr. Hugh J. Leslie, Mrs. J. W. Cowan, Mr. J. W. McColl, Mr. W. E. Berkinshaw, Mr. T. T. Hewart and wife, Mr. A. H. Reid and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mrs. F. G. Cox.

Miss Franc Sanderson, of Orillia, is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Prentiss, 132 Havelock street.

Mrs. Fraleigh, Miss Fraleigh and Miss Hilda Fraleigh, of 579 Euclid avenue, will sail from Montreal on Saturday, 18th, for London, England, where Miss Fraleigh, a recent graduate of the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression, will enter the London stage under the patronage of Sir Gilbert Parker.

Mrs. John Murray, Miss Aileen Murray, of Balmy Beach, and Miss R. M. Church are in Cleveland and Put-in-Bay on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Scadding.

W. D. Matthews, Ald. T. L. Church, W. H. Pearson and F. S. Spence, who compose the Board of Harbor Commissioners, made an official inspection yesterday of the harbor, accompanied by Col. Anderson, of Ottawa, Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department and Dominion Government Engineer J. G. Sing, C.E. They afterwards entertained the visitors to a sail on the lake on the harbor steam yacht "The Otonabee," accompanied by J. J. Main, manager of Polson's, Mr. J. Haney and Harbormaster Postlewaite.

Mr. C. E. Rudolph, barrister, of New York, is to visit Toronto this week and will be the guest of his brother, the Fordham College star, Mr. "Dick" Rudolph, at Hanlan's Point.

In London, Ont., is an old citizen, Mr. William Bowman, of whom an interesting story is told. Mr. Bowman is a veteran railway man. In England on one occasion he had charge of the train upon which were riding the late Queen Victoria and her son, the Prince of Wales, now King. The journey was being made from Windsor to Portsmouth, and at the latter place a special depot, which had been erected, was found to be too small for the private car of the royal party. So it was necessary for the Queen to walk some distance from the coach to her carriage, and Mr. Bowman carried the prince in his arms. The story was related to Rev. E. B. Lancelley, who became interested, and at once wrote to King Edward, informing him that Mr. Bowman was still alive. Within a short time a letter was received from His Majesty's secretary, Lord Knollys, stating that His Majesty was deeply touched to hear of the incident, and requesting that the King's best wishes be conveyed to Mr. Bowman. The letter is now in the latter's possession, and is greatly treasured.

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In the arranging, equipping, decorating
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have kept in mind always dainty femi-
ninity.

We have hairdressing parlors now
that are a pleasure to the eye, as well as
artistic and scientific places, where a
woman will find not only the best the
world knows in service but an atmos-
phere of comfort and refinement.

The hot weather months are trying
ones for hair and scalp. They need the
attention of those who know.

Make an appointment and allow us
the privilege of showing you how we are
bettering our own best work.

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THE WATCHWORD

THE NEW PEMBER STORE

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Fry's PURE Cocoa
THE CHEAPEST
HEALTHIEST
& MOST ECONOMICAL

D. MASON & CO., AGENTS, TORONTO
32 COLBORNE STREET

Time was when journalists formed no inconsiderable proportion of the membership of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario. Among the Liberals there have been, from time to time during the last ten years such journalists as Hon. G. P. Graham, the late Mr. Andrew Pattullo, S. P. Russell, S. N. Smith, J. A. Auld, H. J. Pettipiece, E. J. B. Pense and T. H. Preston. Not one of these gentlemen is now a member of the

assembly. The showing on the Conservative side is somewhat better the journalist M. P. P.'s including Lieut.-Col. Hugh Clark, J. P. Downey, S. Charters and Phil Bowyer, although the latter has already intimated that he will not remain a member after the present parliamentary term. Apparently a parliamentary career has lost something of its charm for the average newspaper man.—Brantford Expositor.

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ROLLS

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way to carry your toilet
articles is in one of these
rolls and we have thirty
different kinds for you
to choose from.

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We also have all sorts of
toilet articles made in all
sizes, such as bottles,
hair brushes, shaving
brushes, mirrors, manicure
pieces, combs and
metal boxes, at all prices.

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Leather Goods Co. Limited
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MUSKOKA—Furnished Cottage on
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splendid points on steamer route for
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DAY NIGHT.

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Little feminine foibles are
more fascinating than a beau-
tiful face or figure. A bit of
ribbon or lace—the delicate
fragrance of an elusive per-
fume have started many a
romance.

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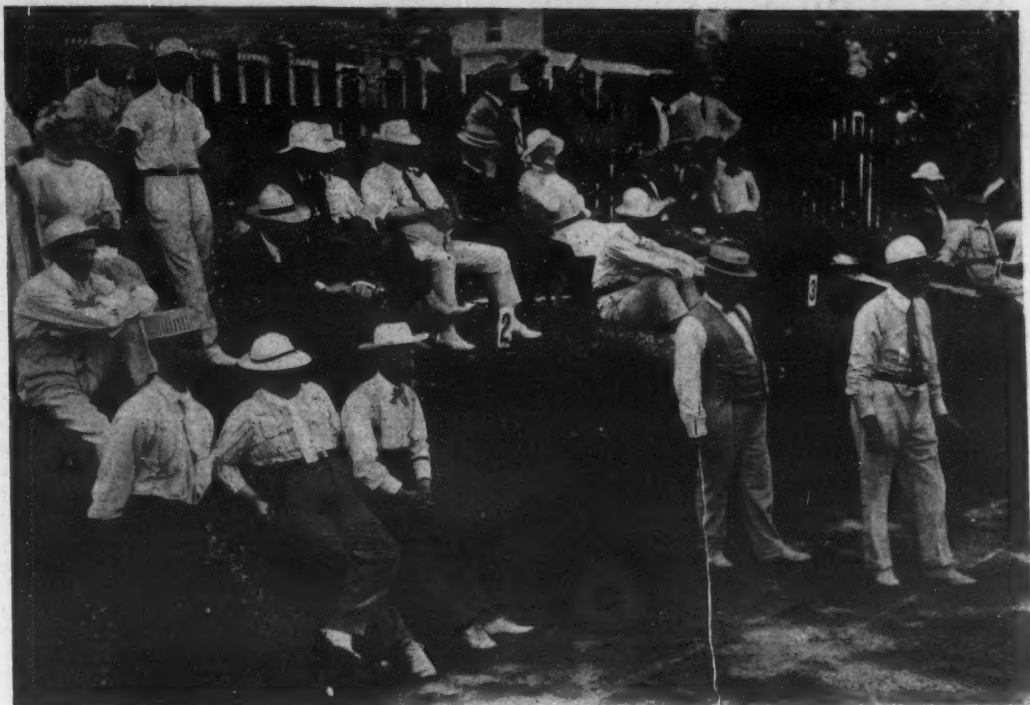
(Pronounced Dear Kiss)
is a delightful dainty scent
for those of refined tastes.
Violette Kerkoff—just the
natural odor of the freshly cut
blossoms.

Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Pow-
der, Toilet Water and Toilet
Soap in either Djer-Kiss or
Violet.

For sale everywhere
Kerkoff, - Paris, France
ALFRED H. SMITH CO.
Sole Agents, New York

"If you want plenty of good
plums," remarked the practical hor-
ticulturist, "you have to graft." "Ex-
actly," agreed the practical politi-
cian, "so you do."—Baltimore Ameri-
can.

A glass of iced "Salada" Tea will
be found most refreshing this warm
weather. As cooling as a summer
breeze.



NIAGARA BOWLING TOURNAMENT.
Watching Some Close Play.



MR. POSTLETHWAITE,
Secretary Ontario Bowling
Tournament.

A Unique Vacation

Mr. Philkintross Thinks He
Will Take His at a Country
Railroad Station.

"I WAS reading the other day," said the cheerful Mr. Philkintross (one of the New York Sun's philosophers), "of somebody that just missed a train and so had to wait six hours at a country railroad station—as if that was about the toughest thing that a man could be called upon to endure. But do you know I'm thinking of spending my vacation that way this summer? For if there is anything I like to do it is to loaf just loaf, around a country railroad station, where they have about two passenger trains a day each way, with a freight coming along occasionally."

"Quiet and peace, with nobody about and the wind rustling idly the leaves on the trees, and the empty glistening rails stretching away mysteriously. Back from the platform down at one end of the station there's a boat all crated up, and a mowing machine likewise crated, and a few boxes and barrels, and I look them over with interest, undisturbed by anybody and with plenty of time, and then I take a look into the freight and baggage room and then into the empty waiting room and then I settle down on the station platform in the shade, with my back comfortably against the building and loaf until it's pretty near time for the 10.22."

"Along about 10 the station agent comes, and then pretty soon two or three people that are going to take that train or to meet people coming on it, and when the people begin coming like that, why, I stop loafing or I loaf in a different way; I loaf with the interest of attention, and the coming of the train is a great event to me."

"I stand around and without intruding view the people, and they all interest me, every one; and to be sure, more people come; and one or two waggons or carryalls arrive and draw up at the back of the station and their drivers come around to join the—yes, the throng on the platform; for there are a dozen people here now, and the station is a very different place from what it was half an hour ago."

"And then away down the road, far out of sight beyond the curve, we hear a whistle—she's coming; and in a minute you see the engine come a-humming with the 10.22; with the fireman keeping the bell going, and the train baggage man

standing by the door of the baggage car, and people on the platforms of the cars. And the baggage man drops off a trunk or two or three or four, and half a dozen people get down, and their friends meet them or the drivers that have come for them take possession of them, and the station platform is a scene of lively activity, while the people in the cars look on and glance up at the signboard to see what station this is."

"And then the station platform gradually thins out, and everybody that's going is now aboard the train, and there's nobody left standing between the platform and the train except the train conductor. He looks coolly along the train and sees that everybody is off and everybody's aboard and then without turning around he raises his hand calmly as a signal to the engineer, and the fireman pulls on the bell rope, and the engineer pulls the throttle and gives the big engine just a breath of steam and starts the heavy train so easily and smoothly that you scarcely realize it has started until you see it moving, and the conductor steps coolly up on the front platform of the forward passenger car and the train is off on its way."

"Then the station agent drags in those trunks that the train has left, and five minutes later the last of the people about the station have disappeared and once more you have the station all to yourself."

"But here! Here's a whistle! What does that mean? And looking down the line, you see the thick, black smoke of a coming engine and you discover that it's a freight train. And maybe this is a single track road and this is a passing station, and then you see that ponderous locomotive coming, dragging its endless line of cars, and turn out here on the siding."

"But this doesn't break up the pleasure of your vacation; it simply gives it a novel feature of interest. I always look along at the cars. I never tire of that, of reading on their sides the names of the roads whence they came. A country railroad station? Why, here in this freight train you see cars of a dozen or twenty roads, including some that, perhaps, you never heard of before. Variety? Why, you can scarcely find in country or city any more varied assemblage of men than you do of cars in this freight train, halted at a country railroad station, and they take me to all the varied parts whence they came, and I like to read their titles on the cars and it pleases me to think that most of them I know and they all bring visions."

"And then in due time the next passenger train comes along and we have that scene on the platform repeated, and then the freight gets the right of way and soon, with everything around now all to itself, it pulls out."

"And then you settle down on the station platform again with all the world to yourself, responsible to nobody and with absolutely nothing to bother you, and steep yourself in peace and quiet, and if you care to look so high you can see there your friends, the white clouds loafing by, and then looking down again and across the fields bright in the sunlight, you hear the breeze rustling the trees and you hear the birds and, maybe, in sheer contentment of spirit and complete bodily restfulness your head drops and—"

"When you wake up and look around to see if anything new has happened in the world since you dropped off you see coming along the track slowly and silently a soli-

tary figure, all the time looking down in front of him and to either side as he comes—the section boss, looking along the track—and after you have met him thus for two or three days, if he takes you for a man, he will tell you when the track was stone ballasted and when they put in the ninety pound rails, and if you tell him, which is true, that everything along here looks kept up in perfect order he will tell you that this section last year took the prize offered by the company for the best kept section of the road."

"Marooned at a way station? Why I am thinking of spending my vacation that way this summer at a country railroad station."

Resentment

BUSY bee is 'round agin, Buzzin' th'oo de clover; Never sayin' whah he's been, Till de cold blow over. Don't you come a-tellin' me Nuffin' 'bout dat busy bee.

Guess my grief would disappear 'Stid o' growin' glummer, If I slept half th'oo de year, An' only worked in summer. Don't you come a-shamin' me, Talkin' 'bout dat busy bee!

If I totes a razzar 'round, Folks jes' raise de nation; Yet dat animal is found Stingin' all creation. Don't you come advisin' me Nuffin' 'bout dat busy bee!

—Washington Star.

LORD PALMERSTON and Sir J. Paget, who told the story, were walking down Bond street. A man came up and saluted the statesman.

"How do you do, Lord Palmerston?"

"Ah, how do? Glad to see you. How's the old complaint?"

The stranger's face clouded over and he shook his head. "No better."

"Dear me; so sorry; glad to have met you. Good-bye."

"Who's your friend?" asked Sir James, when the stranger was gone. "No idea." "Why, you asked him about his old complaint." "Pooh, pooh!" replied the other, unconcernedly; "the old fellow's well over sixty; bound to have something the matter with him."

PHILOSOPHY, says Jerome K. Jerome, is the art of bearing other people's troubles. The truest philosopher he ever heard of was a woman. She was brought into the London Hospital suffering from a poisoned leg. The house surgeon made a hurried examination. He was a man of blunt speech. "It will have to come off," he told her.

"What, not all of it?"

"The whole of it. I'm sorry to say," growled the house surgeon.

"Nothing else for it?"

"No other chance for you whatever," explained the house surgeon.

"Ah well, thank Gawd it's not my 'ead."

EZEKIEL, a Florida ducky, had no stockings, so the night before Christmas he hung his trousers in the chimney of the tumble-down shack that he calls home. Christmas morning a Northern lady, calling at the cabin with some presents for the family, was greeted by Ezekiel's doleful face protruding from a narrow opening in the door.

After wishing him a merry Christmas, the lady asked him what presents he had received.

"Ah, reckon Ah must have got er nigger," said Ezekiel. "Mah pants is gone."

Niagara-on-the-Lake

AT the meeting of the Queen's Royal Golf Club, the following officers were elected: Hon. pres., Mrs. E. R. Thomas, Buffalo; pres., Mrs. Moncrieff; vice-pres., Mrs. Gearey; hon. sec., Mrs. Barnard; capt., Mrs. T. K. Mann, Buffalo. Although Saturday evening being very warm it did not affect the dancing in the casino or in any way dampen the enthusiasm of the younger set.

Bridge is as popular as ever at the Queen's Royal.

Miss Eva Lessard has arrived from Ottawa and is the guest of Miss Norah Warren, at Paradise Grove.

Miss Katie Miller, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. John Foy.

Miss Alva Gagnier, Toronto, is visiting little Miss Lois Gallagher.

The bowling tournament this week at the Queen's Royal is the largest ever held, over three hundred being present. The bowlers are certainly a very jolly crowd and some exciting games are being played. The Wednesday night smoker was a great success, and some of the stories told were very amusing.

Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Toronto, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. Bruce Macdonald.

Mrs. Leonard McMurray is spending a few days at the Queen's Royal with her mother, Mrs. Andrew Smith.

Miss Ethel Suckling is the guest of the Misses Foy, of "Ingersoll."

A few of those registered at the Strathcona Hotel are: Mrs. James O'Neil and family, Miss Katie Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. J. Imrie, Mr. W. E. Chellen, Mrs. George Garson, Mrs. E. Myers, Mrs. Jack Buckland and family.

Perfect weather favored the opening tea at the Niagara Golf Club on last Thursday, and was as usual a very jolly affair. In the earlier part of the afternoon a mixed foursome was played, sixteen players starting out, the fortunate winners being Mrs. Herring and Mr. T. H. Burns. Tea was served under the lovely old trees on the clubhouse lawn. Mrs. McGaw poured out the tea while the young ladies of the club assisted. A few of those present were: Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. and Miss Lancing, Mrs. McGaw, the Misses McGaw, Miss Gordon, Mrs. Henry Garrett, Miss Mary Garrett, Mrs. Fuller and her wee daughter, Fort Niagara; Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Gallagher, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Carnochan, Mr. and Mrs. Herring, Miss F. Heward, Miss Flora

Queen Quality

OXFORDS

\$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00



We pity the shoe manufacturer that should offer to make "Queen Quality" Shoes at present prices for one customer only! or for one thousand customers only! It takes nearly 3,000,000 customers a year to make it possible to give such shoes for \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. No ordinary manufacturer could touch it! It requires practically unlimited capital and the largest factory in the world.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

Garrett, Miss Servos, the Misses Geddes, Miss Anderson, Miss Ford, Miss Colquhoun, Mr. Ernest Stallard, London, Eng.; Mr. F. Silverthorne, Mr. Greiner, Mr. Healey, Mr. Burns, Mr. Reid Mr. C. Watson.

MARCELL.

YACHTSMEN'S ATTENTION.

In fitting out for a cruise and making a list of supplies, above all things, do not omit a case of Radnor Water.

When in the middle of Lake Ontario, a bucket over the side will get you all the water you want, but if you are anchored in any harbor, you are lost without a really good mixer, and it is just in these places where the careful steward is blessed by the thirsty crew if he has a good supply of Radnor Water.

Briggs—You say business is looking up? Griggs—That's what it is. It can't look any other way; it's flat on its back.—Ex.

TO QUEBEC TRICENTENARY.

if you intend going your outing will be far more delightful if you take the "Water Way" via the R. & O. N. Co., through the 1,000 Islands and down the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Charming scenery and cool breezes, land you fresh at Quebec to witness the magnificent pageants during the celebration.

For the benefit of its patrons from July 23rd to 27th inclusive the steamers "Montreal" and "Quebec" will leave Quebec for Montreal at 11.00 p.m. instead of 6.30 p.m., thus giving visitors an opportunity to witness the fireworks and enjoy the evening entertainments.

She (sentimentally)—Do you remember, William, the last time we went rowing like this? He—You bet! I was some twenty years younger, you were sixty pounds lighter, and the day was fifteen degrees cooler.—Life.



BEAUTIFUL BALA

A Muskoka beauty spot three hours from Toronto, by direct rail—Canadian Pacific.

Excellent hotel accommodation.

A splendid center for canoe and fishing trips.

Steamers connect with C. P. trains at Bala for all resorts on Muskoka Lakes.



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CIGARETTES

More sold
than all other
brands combined

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Aug. 29-TORONTO-Sept. 14
The Greatest Annual Exhibition
in the World

Every
Province
Sends Its
Products

\$100,000.00
For Prizes
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Attractions

Nearly
750,000
People
Attend

GRAND ART LOAN COLLECTION

From the Paris Salon and
other European Galleries.

INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TATTOO

Realistic Spectacle

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

With 900 Performers

MARVELOUS FIREWORKS DISPLAY

Upwards
of 300
Musicians

MASSED
BAND
CONCERTS

Each
and
Every
Evening

TWENTIETH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW

SIXTH ANNUAL CAT SHOW

Cheap Fares From Everywhere



BYRRH

If you keep Byrrh Tonic Wine
in the house you have some-
thing to meet every emergency
of fatigue or sickness.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TERCENTENARY HISTORIC QUEBEC

RATE FOR ROUND TRIP FROM
TORONTO ONLY \$14.75.

And it is only necessary to say that
you will find the Grand Trunk,
the only double-track line,
the best way to go, and
with perfect service.

THE BEAUTIFUL MUSKOKA LAKES

The Grand Trunk never had such
good service as this year, and by
leaving Toronto 10 a.m. you reach
the Royal Muskoka at 4.30 p.m.,
where there is plenty of accommo-
dation at \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day, in-
cluding meals and lodging, a very
low figure considering that this is
the finest summer hotel in Canada.
Also plenty of good accommodation at
lower rates at the smaller houses.
Other trains at 12.01 noon and 2 a.m.

LAKE OF BAYS

Easily reached by steamers from
Huntsville, connecting with 2 a.m.
10 a.m. and 12.01 noon trains from
Toronto (steamer open at 9.30 p.m.).
The Ronville Summer Resort and
new Hotel Britannia and Dorset
have accommodation. The Wawa,
at Norway Point, is filling fast, and
application should be made promptly.
For full information call at city office
Northwest Cor. King and Yonge Sts.

SPORTING COMMENT

THAT was a nice enthusiastic wel-
come that the British golfers
gave to the Olympic Championships
—not. To put it conservatively, they
showed a certain shy reserve about
entering, and those who did submit
their names, managed to do so in
such a manner as to ball up the
whole matter beyond remedy.

There are more ways of killing a
cat than stuffing it with cream, and
the artistic and complete manner in
which the Olympic Golf Champions-
ships were done to a turn and laid
away must be very refreshing to
those misguided persons who were
trying to make a success of it.

The fact is, they were unmis-
takably up against it from the start.
When the project was first mooted,
there were murmurs of protest from
London to Dundee. The gospel ac-
cording to St. Andrews is the creed
by which the British golfer orders
his daily walk, and the attitude of
the Royal and Ancient Club toward
the Olympic was the reverse of af-
fectionate, so the "nothing doing"
sign was used with great effect. It
was the latest and most genteel ex-
emplification of the boycott.

The explanation is simple enough.
The British mind clings to the estab-
lished order like a porous plaster to
a manly chest, and as the origin-
ators and sole proprietors of the
genuine open and amateur champion-
ships (look for the name on every
bottle) they refused to countenance
any thing that might be construed
as an infringement.

One of the authorities on the
subject felt so keenly about it that
he burst into print in the leading
golfing oracle over there, and he
made out a pretty good case. He
said that there was a surfeit of
championships nowadays, and that
now was as good a time as any to
place some sort of restraint on that
sort of thing. He instanced a re-
cent trip of his to the Glorious Re-
public where he met so many cham-
pions of one sort or another that his
reason tottered two or three toters
he got used to the rush of celebrities,
and schooled his mind to the
American idea of fame. Every little
jerkwater hamlet and swampy town-
ship had a champion of something,
be it golf or pinocle, and after
meeting the golf champions of the
west, the middle west, the northwest,
and the south-west, he had just
enough strength left to buy his tick-
et back home and sign himself, yours
truly, J. Niblick, Esq.

It was pretty tough luck that our
Canadian representative had to waste
his time and money waiting around
for the thing to be settled, but there
is one consolation—it won't happen
again.

MR. J. W. WOODS' cricketers,
who recently played a fort-
night's tour at Philadelphia, secured
the following batting and bowling
averages:

Batting.	In.	N.O.	R.	H.S.	Ave.
G. H. Southern	7	2	256	95	51.2
H. F. Lounsbrough	7	1	254	70	42.3
W. W. Wright	6	1	189	88	39.5
A. J. Gibson	7	0	278	107	39.7
W. L. Fleury	6	2	112	84	28.0
S. P. Saunders	8	1	146	52	20.8
W. S. Greening	7	1	125	45	29.8
A. A. Reemer	6	0	90	38	15.0
J. D. Woods	7	1	85	36	14.1
C. L. Ingles	3	1	24	19	12.0
H. G. Davidson	4	2	27	18	9.2
P. E. Henderson	8	0	71	27	8.8
H. G. Woonkey	6	1	39	12	7.8
N. Seagram	2	1	36	12	6.0

Bowling.

B.	M.	R.	W.	Ave.
H. G. Woonkey	678	16	207	12.28
W. J. Fleury	150	3	110	7.15.71
P. E. Henderson	150	1	80	5.16.00
A. H. Gibson	156	2	98	5.19.60
W. S. Greening	54	1	26	1.26.00
H. F. Lounsbrough	306	11	136	4.34.00
J. D. Woods	309	4	208	6.34.23
A. A. Reemer	278	14	250	7.35.71

ISN'T it about time Canadian
builders of canoes got busy with
a more stable design? Not for the
expert, but for the man or woman
who paddles but seldom. Take a
walk through most boat livery, and
what do we find? A lot of canoes
as like as peas, and every one of
them built on lines that ought never
to be seen outside a canoe club.

Over in the States they have the
right idea. The American pleasure
canoe is built on broad free lines that
ensures steadiness and stability un-
der almost any conditions, but we
cling to our own special, slim-waisted
design because, forsooth, it goes
faster and easier.

Years ago the canoe was the toy
of the enthusiast, but now every
boat livery has to keep a lot of them
and to see some of the people who
hire them start out, is enough to give
the most phlegmatic cold chills. Take
any American town, Boston, for in-
stance, where canoeing is popular,
and you will see, just as you do here,
people out in canoes who hardly
know which end of the paddle to
put in the water, but they are safe,
because they are in canoes that no-

body but a congenital idiot could up-
set.

We can't prevent greenhorns go-
ing out, but we can do the next
best thing—give them a canoe that
won't go over if they happen to
sneeze. The makers build safe
canoes; why do not the liveries keep
them for hire?

IN the revolver shooting contests
in connection with the Olympic
games two Belgians won first and
second prize, while the best America
could do was to supply a man for
third place. This news is very up-
setting. What about all those fel-
lows who do such wonderful gun play
in the wild and woolly west? Where
was Hop-a-long Cassidy, and Dead-
wood Dick, and all the other men of
the Wild Bill school of gun-artists?

THINGS haven't started out any
too rosy as far as Canada is
concerned in the Olympic games, but,
don't you know, our team has made
a showing all right. In regard to
athletics Canada is still in the ele-
mentary class when it comes to
world's contests, having only last
year got rid of the A.A.U. yoke and
the Sullivan dynasty.

Heretofore a youth of any ability
in the athletic line has contented
himself with competing at meets in
the immediate vicinity of his home,
and refused the game when it came
to stacking up against the American
stall-feds. However, when the A.
A.U. yoke was thrown off last sum-
mer and it came down to the cry of
Canada for Canadians in the athletic
game the boys came out of their
shells.

Not that Canada has not turned
out good athletes in the past; nay,
nay! George Gray, George Orton,
and the brothers Dick and Alex.
Grant were world-beaters in their
time, but they were gobbled up by
American colleges or A.A.U. clubs
as soon as they had shown their
mettle.

NOW the yoke has been cast off,
the fetters broken, and Canada
is running her own athletic affairs.
What caused the insurrection, the
great break from Czar Sullivan's
power? Ask me; yes, go on and ask
me.

That Indian, Longboat? No! Yes?
Dope it out for yourself. Didn't the
C.A.A.U. bow down and kowtow to
Jas. E. Sullivan and his union until
the Onondagan got going and stirred
up things in the long distance run-
ning game? Think it over. Didn't
the break occur when those high in
C.A.A.U. affairs began to see the
light, when the Indian was asked
over to the New York Athletic Club
games? Yah, and also uh huh; that's
when things began to happen. It was
a case of losing Longboat, as far as
athletics in Canada went, if the wily
Jas. E. had ever got him over to New
York, and someone in the Canadian
union got wise.

Canada is getting some mention, if
she isn't getting many points; but
there is plenty of time for this coun-
try yet. Sherring's victory at Athens
and Longboat's performances on this
continent have awak'ned the youth
of the country, and we may yet see
the day when the lads will eschew
the poolrooms and saloons and gather
together of an evening to try their
skill at the athletic game.

The Onondagan may be beaten,
but his appearance on the starting
line means a whole lot in the fight
against the A.A.U. control of ath-
letics in Canada.

GREAT are the hopes of the Te-
cumseh's followers in lacrosse.
"Sure, looks like the Minto cup for
the Island," is a stereotyped phrase
around the stamping grounds those
days. And of a surety they appear
to be far and away the best, but hark
ye! Dost remember two years ago
when things looked just as bright
and the wise men of the East got
away with some manoeuvres in the
committee room that just dashed
everything that looked like a hope
for the Tecumseh's to the ground?
We'll do our cheering when the last
game is played. Tecumseh's appear
to be the whole cheese but don't get
any too previous with your joyfulness.
Wait until the tinware arrives
in town.

THE Taylor case in lacrosse circles
seems to be a case of "Ah, go on,
you do it, I don't want too," between
the National Lacrosse Union and the

police officials of Ottawa. Taylor
was arrested and escorted from the
grounds for assaulting the referee,
but the police court officials side-
tracked his case and waited to see
what the lacrosse officials would do.
After threatening all kinds of things,
the powers that be in lacrosse decid-
ed that a letter of censure from the
president would be ample punishment
for his offence. Will the police court
case go on now? All would-be ref-
erees await developments before
tendering services.

THE Toronto ball team is getting all
the knocks that a sore losing
bunch of fans can hand out these
days, but, hully gee! the games that
those cripples are putting up are well
worth a trip across the bay to see.

The Torontos have certainly had all
the hard luck that the ruler of the
wrong end of the luck game has been
able to hand out this season, but the
injured are playing ball worthy of a
strong, healthy bunch. Get wise!
"What's the use of knocking when a
man is down."

OLYMPIC NOTES.

Didn't we tell you the Irish were
somewhat premature with their cries
for recognition of Ireland in the
Olympic games? Result of the ham-
mer throw, the first event of games:
Flannagan, first; McGrath, second;
Walsh, third. Perhaps someone will
harbor the impression that those are
Swedish names. Eh? Yes? No?

Guess that man Flannagan is just
about the best ever with the hammer,
and Matt McGrath is a cousin and
pupil of his. Oh, no! he isn't the
head of the Irish Canadians—that's
his brother, Tom, the man who is
putting up the fight for Canada
against the A.A.U., of which John is
the great and only surety as a point-
winner at the hammer-throwing
game.

Off has the question been asked: If
Con. Walsh can break records with
the 56-lb. weight, why can't he do
things with the 16-lb.? Go on and
ask me. Can a man weighing 200
pounds throw a pill any farther than
a man who weighs in at 120 when
he's fat? The 16-lb. hammer not
only requires strength to send it on
its way, but the man who excels with
this weight has to be there with

speed and agility in his turns. Flannagan is the only man at present who
has the triple turn down to perfec-
tion, and anyone who has seen him
perform can vouch for his agility and
speed. It is really great to see him
in action. He is a short, yet sturdy,
type of athlete, and is just about the
ideal build for the hammer throw.

Large bodies move slowly, ain't it?
Yes. Isn't Walsh there with the
mammoth proportions? Con. could-
n't get his frame moving as fast as
Flannagan does if he was charged
with all the ingredients mentioned in
Keough's "Lay of the Hospital Race."
Yet Walsh is a wonder in his line
with the heavy weights and his toss
of the hammer is a performance
that speaks well for his strength.
If Walsh's strength and Flannagan's
form were put together just imagine
how far the missile would soar.

Jack Tait failed in the 1,500
metres on Tuesday, won his heat,
but had to be content with fourth
place in the final. Tait is a young-
ster still under twenty and has shown
up well at all distances over a mile
in Canada, but he has always had a
liking for the long-distance game.
He was Canada's hope for the 1,500
metres, although Meadows and Gal-
braith, the five milers started and
were distanced. Tait is also entered
in the five-mile run and Marathon,
and should he be unsuccessful in
those events the boy is very young
and can look forward to a couple
of more Olympiads before he retires.

As to Goulding's defeat in the
walk, he finished fourth in the final
after winning his heat (a la Tait
in the run). Although he was by far
the best walker in Canada, he ac-
knowledged that he considered his
chances slim in England. And he
knew something about the English
game at that, having spent his early
life there.

Tom Flannagan's rosy reports re
Longboat's condition and perfor-
mances in Ireland seem to have
some weight with Billy Sherring.
The hero of the last world's Mar-
athon was touting Fred Simpson, the
Peterboro' Indian, as the works for
the great event a week ago, but the
latest despatches quote him as say-
ing that the Onondagan will surely
win.

Off again, on again, gone again,
Flannagan. From the alternate daily
reports via the cable, re the Long-
boat case the foregoing is one and
only authentic despatch that Cana-
dians can be expected to rely on
when it comes. Mr. Crocker says
Longboat will start. Mr. Sullivan
says Longboat will not start; the

Americans will protest Longboat.
The Americans will not protest
Longboat. Get wise somebody. We're
awaiting Flannagan's cable.

WHERE TO GO FOR A VA- CATION.

District Passenger Agent McDon-
ald of the Grand Trunk has just re-
turned from a visit to the charming
Ontario resorts of Muskoka, Lake of
Bays and Algonquin Park, and also
made a trip to Kawartha Lakes, and
reports that hotels and boarding-
houses are rapidly filling up and all
indications point to a splendid season.
If visitors to Toronto, and even To-
rontonians, only realized what de-
lightful places there are in the high-
lands of Ontario, and how easily ac-
cessible they are by the splendid ser-
vice of the Grand Trunk Railway
System, many more extra trains
would be needed. The beautiful Roy-
al Muskoka Hotel, the finest summer
hotel in Canada, has made their
rates, including meals and lodging,
from \$3 to \$4 per day, and accommo-
dation at hundreds of other hotels
and boarding-houses at lower rates
may be obtained a little further north.
The Lake of Bays has good hotels,
viz., Ronville, Wawa and Britannia.
The Magnetawan river can take care
of some. The Algonquin Park, 2,000
feet above sea level, has new hotel:
the Highland Inn, just opened, at
moderate rates. Temagami Lake
further north, with its 1,400 islands
and good hotels and splendid fishing,
will repay you for a visit. Nearer
Toronto the pretty resorts on Lake
Simcoe, Barrie, Atherley, Orillia,
Jackson's Point and the Kawartha
Lakes, with its Fenelon Falls, Lind-
say, Sturgeon Point and numerous
boarding-houses on Stoney Lake are
well worth a visit. Illustrated booklets
free and all information at Grand
Trunk city office, northwest corner
King and Yonge streets.

The little partisan advantages that
flow from patronage are insignifi-
cant compared with the prestige that
will be gained by the party that
will deal boldly with the abuses of
the system. Very often the true in-
terest of a political party are served
by sinking the temporary interests
of the party in the larger life of
the nation. Patronage belongs to
the day of small things, and must be
discarded as a manufacturer would
throw an old-fashioned plant on the
scrap heap.—Toronto Star.

"And what has the colonel done
since local option came in?" "Met it
valiantly. Claims now to be a good
judge of ginger pop."—Ex.

Afloat or Ashore

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water for drinking.

Physicians are one in praising the healthful-
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purest—just as it is the most delicious—of summer
beverages.

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home drink.

Any dealer can supply you with

"The Beer With a Reputation."

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle."



THE OLD PERTH FAIR

A Human Nature Sketch

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

IN an old-fashioned country town in Eastern Ontario, a town that in curious ways has been allied with Winnipeg's beginning, there lived long after "fairs" had passed from the market towns of the British Isles "Spring" and "Fall" fairs. In this Canadian town the manner of business and the social customs of the rural centres of the motherland of a century ago were carried on. This Scotch-Irish-Canadian town of Perth in Eastern Ontario, the "outer world forgetting and to some extent by the outer world forgot," was a curious revival in the Canadian woods of other days and of another land.

Quaint, with its stone-built houses, its stone arched bridges, old-world accents of speech and its somewhat old-world point of view, it has however had, this transplantation of an old-world town of the early nineteenth century to the Canadian bush, an unusual influence on Canadian public life and Western Canadian progress.

Conservative in politics, to an extent that the word "Grit" or "Liberal" is used as an epithet of controversial insult, aggressively loyal and intensely Canadian, represented by Hon. John G. Haggart in the House of Commons and Hon. A. J. Macpherson in the Provincial Legislature, it is the county town of the last constituency in Canada to which the term "True Blue Tory" could be applied with all the old time understanding. It was the nursery of the pioneers of Huron and Bruce when Ontario was young and of the Red River valley and the Portage Plains in the early seventies. It gave Manitoba one of its first governors, Hon. Alexander Morris and Winnipeg one of its first mayors, Col. Thomas Scott. Upon its charter, constitution and by-laws were founded the first charter, constitution and by-laws of the city of Winnipeg, for with a Perth man as mayor and several of the aldermen Perth men, when the framing of these matters had to be considered, the models chosen were those of the quaint little, well-ordered town on the banks of the Tay in Eastern Canada.

There survived in Perth longer, probably, than in any other town or settlement in Canada, many of the social customs of the old world.

The last duel fought in Ontario was fought under the code on the banks of the Tay. Training days on which all the able-bodied men of the district assembled for annual drill were actively recognized in Perth long after the custom had waned throughout the province.

The explanation of all this is probably the military character of the original settlement, for Perth was the headquarters of the Bathurst district, whose land was surveyed and set apart for allotment among the discharged soldiers of the Peninsular and American wars of 1812-15.

The original military settlers, officers and men, were successively followed by Highlanders from the depopulated deer forests and sheep walks of the hills and glens of Scotland and by Irish immigrants after the famine and insurrection of 1848 in Ireland.

The population of Perth and the surrounding districts were, therefore, largely of the Scotch and Irish races and as time went on in comparative isolation, the voices of the people acquired a distinct accent not essentially different, from similar reasons from the accent of the natives of the towns of the North of Ireland.

The spring and fall fairs were kept up in this Celtic-Canadian community for years after they had fallen into desuetude in other parts of Canada. They appealed to the conservatism and the social desires of the community. That they were sometimes the scenes of riot and revelry is to be understood. In a curious way they verified the contention of Goldwin Smith that the severance between Irishmen and Englishmen is not religious, but racial, for in the faction fights that distinguished every Perth fair in the old days, the dominant cause was never religious difference but sectional, and the Protestant McDougalls and McLellans fought side by side with the Murphys the Byrnes and the O'Callaghans against the McPhersons, the McTavishes, the O'Connors and the Kanes. It would be a battle as evening waned on the streets of the little town between districts when the bars of the quaint inns were crowded, when the fiddles could be heard from the dancing rooms and booths, and when wild and high would rise the stirring notes of the Highland pipes. Then would surge the warring clans

through the streets, the solitary town policeman helpless, in scenes of strife whose original sources were decades old, and among people whose fathers had been fighting men. From fair to fair, from dance to dance, from father to son with Celtic persistence would these sectional feuds be carried on year after year and generation after generation, until it was oftentimes a matter of common report prior to a fair that the Elmsley men would clear the fair of the Burgess men, or the Drummond men get even with those from Sherbrooke for last year's beating.

All were practically of the same race, and differences of religion did not affect any in a settlement whose fathers, Catholic or Protestant, had fought shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy. Militarism has the effect at least of eliminating religious bitterness.

The fairs of old Perth had their softer social side apart from hard-drinking, hard-fighting and hard bargains. They gave opportunity for the meeting of the grandames, the wives and the young girls of the townships, for gossip, courtship and merry-making. They were the gala days of the children, and there was kept alive until the other day a custom that had died in Scotland half a century ago. A woman or child, according to the custom of the fair, was permitted to demand from any man, relation or friend, a present, the perfectly allowable request being couched in the phrase "A fairing on you."

It was a glorious time for Perth children, those old time fairs that have died, and small wonder that their memory lingers strongly in the natives of the old town.

Seated in a private sitting room of the Empire Hotel in Winnipeg on an opening day of the great Winnipeg fair were two men with their respective lawyers vainly endeavoring to arrive at an amicable settlement of a business controversy which involved the fortunes of both.

Both were elderly, irascible men, men who had fought keenly the hard battle of western life in all its phases, from wheat growing and lumbering to railway construction.

The matters in dispute between them had run for years, and litigation, considering the nature of the relationship that had existed between them in their business dealings and the old time methods of bookkeeping, would undoubtedly mean ruin to one or both.

The lawyers advised settlement at all hazards, and outlined a basis for such, but obstinately and pugnaciously item after item would be objected to, or irritating incident after incident would be recalled until the lawyers wearied, and, thwarted at the bitterness of their clients, rose to go. The court, with its appeals, its interlocutory applications — and its costs — was evidently the only thing left to depend upon for a settlement between pugnacious, pig-headed men who allowed their Celtic feelings of personal animosity to enter into their business.

"Why, you two are from the same part of Canada, born and bred near Perth, weren't you?" said one of the lawyers. "I can't see why you cannot give and take a little. You are even in the hotel of Perth people. The McLarens are Perth people, aren't they?"

"Yes, we're all from Perth or near it," said a soft, womanly voice at the door which had swung open, and the well-dressed, matronly wife of one of the disputants entered. There was a look of keen disappointment in the keen Scotch grey eyes, as she saw the business situation in the antagonistic attitude of her husband and his opponent, and she turned to the latter.

"It's Fair time, Ronald," she said, and there was a wistfulness in her smile. "We sat in the same class in the old school house by the burn—a fair'n on you, lad."

A lump came into the strong sinewy throat, the big white teeth clenched for a moment and then the memories of the old fair time of long ago must have crowded thick and fast upon him, for he said in the Scotch-Irish brogue of the Perth of thirty years ago:

"I'll gie a settlement, Phemie."

—From the Winnipeg Telegram.

To Save Daylight.

A NEW YORK despatch says that the supposition in London that New York will follow suit if England adopts the daylight saving device of advancing all clocks 80 minutes at an agreed date during the long day months was laughed

at first, but soon people in New York began to consider it seriously. It appeals to many as a very sensible notion. One man who gets to his office at half-past nine o'clock worked the scheme out to a group of men whose hours corresponded to his.

"I am called in the morning at 7.30," he said, "for if I lie abed any later I have to hurry, and I don't like to hurry. I leave my office at 4 o'clock and if I want to go out of town for a dip in the surf, a game of tennis, or golf or any other recreation, I find that usually it is about half past five before I am undressed for the surf or redressed for the tennis court."

"For only a few weeks in the year there remains enough daylight to give time for what exercise I want and to go back to town for dinner. Now suppose we moved the clocks ahead according to this London scheme. I would still be called at half past seven by the clock, but it would really be 6 o'clock. At 8 o'clock I would be at the office and after I had done the ordinary number of hours' work, I would be putting on my hat at half past two o'clock to go out and get my exercise, to meet friends, to see a ball game or what you like."

"At actually half past six, but eight by the clocks, the roof gardens would be going; at half past eight or nine we would be having supper, and go to bed at ten. We would sleep and work just as many hours as usual, but we would have a full hour and a half extra daylight to enjoy life in."

"I don't see why it is not a ripping idea. It would work just as much advantage to the man in the shop or factory as to the man in the office. He practically has about an hour of daylight in the long day months to visit with his wife and children, to go to the libraries, the museums, the park, to play ball or do anything else that can be done by daylight. He would work and sleep the same number of hours by the new idea clock, but he would have two hours and a half every day for his amusements. What's the matter with the idea? If London adopts it, New York will, and if we do the whole country will. Say, does anybody know where I can buy some shares in a baseball club company? They surely will more than double their dividends if we do the trick with the clock."

The Praying of a Child.

PRAY, little child, for me to-night
That from thy lips, like petals
white,

Thy words may fall and at His feet
Bloom for His path like fragrance
sweet!

Pray, little child, that I may be
Childlike in innocence like thee,
And simple in my faith and trust
Through all the battle's heat and
dust!

Pray, little child, in thy white gown,
Beside thy wee bed kneeling down;
Pray, pray for me, for I do know
Thy white words on soft wings will
go
Unto His heart, and on His breast
Light as blown doves that seek for
rest
Up the pale twilight path that gleams
Under the spell of starry dreams!

Pray, little child, for me, and say:
"Please, Father, keep him firm to-day
Against the shadow and the care,
For Christ's sake!" Ask it in thy
prayer,
For well I know that thy pure word
'Gainst louder tongues will have
been heard,
When the great moment comes that
He
Shall listen through His love for me!

O, little child, if I could feel
One atom of thy faith so real,
Then might I bow and be as one
In whose heart many currents run
Of joyful confidence and cheer,
Making each earthly moment dear
With sunshine and the sound of bells
On the green hills and in the dells!

Pray, little child, for me to-night,
That from thy lips in sunward flight
One word may fall with all its sweet
Upon the velvet at His feet,
That He may lift it to His ear,
Its tender plea of love to hear,
And lay it, granted, on the pile
Signed with the signet of His smile!

—Baltimore Sun.

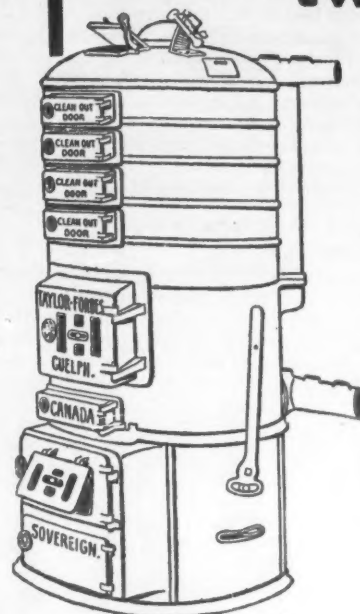
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"Of course you play bridge only for fun?" "Of course," answered Mrs. Spangleton. "But it isn't any fun unless you are playing for money."

—Washington Star.

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for low cellars.

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Dickens's Reading Tour.

THIS interesting bit of literary reminiscence is taken from the Lyceumite and Talent:

Two hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars for seventy-six readings. Such was the record for a four month tour in the States in the winter of 1867-1868—an average of \$3,000 a reading. While it is unlikely that a return trip would have proved so remunerative, yet any manager could safely have guaranteed him \$1,500 or even \$2,000 a night for another series of a hundred or more readings. Perhaps no more popular novelist has ever lived. But more than that, Dickens was equally popular as a reader and as a writer, so that those who heard him once were eager to hear him as often as he appeared. Just from the manager's standpoint, moreover, his tour of America included not more than a dozen Eastern cities.

It is quite impossible to imagine the tremendous enthusiasm which his readings created. In Boston, where his first series of four readings was to be given, the tickets were placed on sale on a Monday morning two weeks in advance. By 10 o'clock of the preceding night a line had begun to form in front of Ticknor & Field's publishing house and by morning it had extended for fully half a mile.

Some brought chairs, others blankets, and a few carried mattresses on which to rest during the night. When the selling finally began it continued for eleven hours, until the entire capacity of the hall had been sold for the series—twelve thousand dollars for the four nights. Many of the tickets fell into the hands of speculators, who had no difficulty in selling choice seats at \$10 each, and a few were sold at more than \$20.

Indeed the speculators followed the manager, Mr. Dolby, from one city to another to carry on their trade, and in spite of every attempt to prevent their securing tickets they did a profitable business, so willing were the people to pay any price for seats. The winter was unusually severe, yet in every city people stood in line all night to secure tickets. In New York, Philadelphia and Washington, the early ticket buyers stood out in a heavy snow, with the thermometer below zero, good-naturedly enduring the hardships in order that they might get choice seats.

In Brooklyn, the line had formed early the night before the sale of tickets, and to protect themselves from the cold weather the men built a huge bonfire in the street, around which they spread their blankets and mattresses. But when the manager, George Dolby, arrived the next morning, they greeted him with good natured chaffing: "Hello, Dolby!" "How's Charley this morning?" "We're frozen to death waiting for you, but we will buy you out if you will let us." As good as their word, the sale during four hours amounted to \$20,000, when it was closed because the capacity of the church had been sold. The series was given in Plymouth church.

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The School will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 10th. For prospectus and full information apply to MISS VEALS, Principal.

July

NOW doth sweet summer dream
her sweetest dream:
With full-fringed lids half closed
against the sun
And thirsting lips, she nods beside
the stream
Within whose silent bed no waters
run.

Full wearily she stretcheth now her
limbs;
Anon her breast is stirred with
languid sighs:
Lulled by the murmur of slow forest
hymns,
She draws the shadows with her
drowsing eyes.

And, all above her busy hands have
made
A woven covert of green boughs
that keep
The semblance of a painted arch
whose shade
Falls on the ground like an en-
chanted sleep.

—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Mikado's Government preserves good faith in the immigration matter. Recently it refused passports to 2,000 Japanese laborers that a Vancouver company wished to bring to Canada.—Hamilton Times.

"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring." "Did they?" "Six of them recognized it at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Points About People

THE CAREER OF R. J. FLEMING.

PERHAPS it is timely for the illumination of out-of-town readers especially, to tell them something about the personality who has managed during the past ten or fifteen years to absorb more space in the daily papers of the city of Toronto than anybody else whom one can think of. If for no other reason than that he has been the only Liberal (within the memory of middle-aged men) who has succeeded in winning the mayoralty of Toronto on a straight party fight, he would be esteemed a remarkable man, and, whether in or out of politics, he manages to keep himself before the public eye by emphatically personal strokes of action. Years ago Mr. Robert J. Fleming, then a young real estate agent of the city, was elected to the City Council under the old ward system, for one of the small wards in the eastern part of the town. He speedily made himself felt and became chairman of the Assessment Committee, which then did the work since delegated to the Court of Revision. His handling of his duties was so good and so vigorous that the Conservative business men, though declaring him a demagogue in other things, were obliged to admit that he was all right there.

One day, ex-Ald. John Shaw, the senior figure in the city hall, walked in upon the representatives of the press in their quarters in the old city hall on Front street and remarked in a tone of mirth: "Well, I see that the young comedian of the City Council is going to run for Mayor." To old municipal politicians the enterprise of the young east-end politician in opposing such a candidate as Mr. E. B. Osler, who had been induced to come out by all the leading business interests of the city, seemed chimerical. Nevertheless, Ald. Fleming ran and won in a three-cornered fight. This was in 1891. The next year he ran in a straight fight against Mr. E. E. Sheppard. In both battles his campaign was based on an outcry against what he termed the "silk stocking gang." He went down to defeat, however, in two successive fights against the late Warren Kennedy, a straight Conservative party candidate. The first time his defeat was so severe that it was prophesied that he was "done for" for good. He kept at it all year, however, and lo and behold, next January it was almost a draw, and for two succeeding Januaries his wins were considerable. He had thus been a candidate for the mayoralty for six successive years, and on four occasions had been victorious, but in that period his method of campaigning had gradually changed. He had ceased to denounce the "silk-stockinged gang," and they had ceased to scorn him as a demagogue. He had once been labelled "dangerous" by his own party organs, and later taken back to its bosom.

He was talked of as a Liberal candidate for both the House of Commons and the Legislature. But suddenly he took it into his head to abandon politics and one fine day he handed the mayoralty over to his old opponent, Ald. John Shaw, accepted the Assessment Commissionship of the city, and, it was privately alleged set up a rival ring in city hall politics to that which was in the control of the Orange order. In truth certain elements of the order which mingle in municipal politics had never let up in their opposition, although Mr. Fleming had owed much to the steadfast support of such a veteran Orangeman as Mr. John Ross Robertson.

Three years ago the man who entered civic life as "the people's Bob," and the denouncer of the "silk-stockinged gang," astonished the community by becoming manager of the Toronto Railway Company and since then

he has proved that he is no longer "the people's Bob," but is working for the men who pay his salary, first, last and all the time. Probably no corporation ever had a more energetic or aggressive servant, just as no Mayor had shown himself more alive with similar qualities when he was the people's choice.

Even those who are exasperated with the arrogant tendencies he has displayed at certain junctures confess a liking for his approachable, breezy style.

With newspaper reporters, as a body, he has always been a favorite, and his shrewd knowledge of how to handle the sources of publicity—a gift in which he is almost unrivalled—has helped him out of many a tight place. There is no doubt that Mr. Fleming has got into the habit of "running things" and would like to boss the whole community as well as the Toronto Railway Company and the fine stock farm which is his private amusement.

DR. OGDEN AND PUBLICITY.

ALL newspaper reporters get to know a number of people who take every favorable opportunity of rushing into the printed page, and the former have their private opinions of the latter. At times, however, the pencil-pushers meet men who go to the other extreme, avoiding chances for getting their names before the public by means of printers' ink.

One of Toronto's citizens who doesn't welcome the idea of getting his name in the paper is Dr. Ogden, the esteemed chairman of the Board of Education. His position leads to the doctor's being sought out at times by reporters wishing an interview. On such occasions he shows his usual kindness, but he always seems relieved when the newspaperman appears to consider that there is not much to write concerning the matter on which the interview is based, or at least that there is no occasion to mention the doctor's name.

Recently two reporters approached the doctor together. "Oh, you're the bane of my life!" exclaimed the doctor with a laugh, and then, as though there were some things that must be endured, he added, with a smile: "Well, what is it?"

AN OLD-TIME ORANGEMAN.

YEARS ago, when the late Christopher Bunting was editor-in-chief of The Mail and Empire, he had a factotum named "Tom," who still, it is said, is seen once a year, and that on the Twelfth of July, when with shiny silk hat he parades with his lodge. Tom was the kindest of souls, and a sort of joke for all the staff; but theoretically he went far beyond any other Orangeman who ever lived in his aversion to Roman Catholics.

The late Mr. Bunting was a generous-minded man whose hand was ever in his pocket, and sisters of charity who in that day were permitted to go about collecting, always found him ready to subscribe. It was the duty of Tom to show them into Mr. Bunting's room on their periodical visits, and the grim North-of-Ireland face of the factotum would gleam with scorn as he performed this duty. One day after Mr. Bunting had handed over his subscription and Tom was sent to show them out he could stand it no longer. "Laddies," he said, "would yees mind givin' a little subscription to the new Orange Hall?" The request was not complied with, but Tom gloated over his wit for many a day.

Perhaps the severest blow he received was when the late E. F. Clarke, whom he had known as a boy, decided, as mayor, to attend the funeral of Archbishop Lynch. Tom bemoaned the fact for days. "I thought 'Ned' was a dacent boy," he said. And the reporters almost had him persuaded to petition for Mr. Clarke's dismissal from "the order." Only the other day he was lamenting that the "real" Orangemen like himself were nearly all gone, and that the Conservative party in Toronto had sunk so low as to elect Roman Catholics to Ottawa and Toronto. "It couldn't have happened in the old days," he said. And probably he was right.

GIRLS IMPROVING THEIR CHANCES.

IN a local newspaper office an epidemic of marrying gives promise of breaking out, and in each of the two most recent instances the happy bridegroom-to-be is taking to himself as wife a former employee of the editorial floor.

When the second instance of this kind became known a few days ago two young lady employees of the paper were noticed hurrying to the business office.

"Going to give notice?" asked one of the reporters.

"No," answered one of the girls with a sly smile.

"We're going to ask to be transferred to the editorial floor."

CANADIAN EDITOR OF COLLIER'S.

HARRY FRANKLIN GADSBY, of Toronto, has been appointed editor of the Canadian edition of Collier's, and has resigned his position on the editorial staff of The Star to take up his new duties.

Mr. Gadsby has been for several years in the front rank among writers for the press, and his work as a paragrapher on the editorial page of The Star has been in a class by itself. But his best known work was done as a writer of special features for that journal, as when he attended the Democratic and Republican national conventions four years ago, went to New York during the big insurance scandals, or wrote a class of articles all his own from Parliament at Ottawa or the Legislature in Toronto. For years he has given The Star much of his personality and literary flavor, and it was quite natural that when Collier's sought an editor for their Canadian edition choice should have fallen on Mr. Gadsby. He is a native of Stratford, a graduate of Varsity and still a young man with his craft well mastered and a career open to him.

HE WILL BE "SIR GLENHOLME."

THE recent decision of the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas to be known as Sir Glenholme Falconbridge instead of the more commonplace patronymic "Sir William" will commend itself to all who desire the honor of knighthood to retain some of its ancient



MR. A. W. AUSTIN.
Hon. President Lambton Golf and Country Club.
From the painting by J. W. L. Forster.

romantic color and savor. Most of those who have been honored in the past have figured throughout the rest of their lives as Sir John, or Sir William, or Sir Thomas, or some similarly colorless title.

The truly Arthurian suggestion embodied in the name of the latest of Canadian knights will give interest to his Order, and is in keeping with the well-known literary tastes of Chief Justice Falconbridge. He was the first of the latter-day members of the Bench to receive the ceremonial dress for judges of his rank on going on Assize, with its really gorgeous trappings of mauve silk. Years ago, when he was lecturer and afterwards registrar of Toronto University, he was noted for his knowledge of the romance languages and literature of Southern Europe, while his love for what is finest in the theatres is well known to old playgoers. In fact he was a close personal friend of the late W. J. Florence, one of the great comedians of his time, and also of the late John McCullough, a Shakespearian actor who also stood unrivalled in certain roles, like such a one, for instance, as Falconbridge in "King John."

The Pageant as a Peace Compact.

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX, the able young French-Canadian, who is Canada's Postmaster-General, writing in The Standard of Empire, says:

There are two distinct ideas running side by side throughout the great movement that will culminate in the magnificent pageants now so near at hand—first, the celebration of the Tercentenary; second, the nationalization of the Quebec Battlefields. The one carries the mind back for three centuries to the actual origin of Canada as a separate community, to the very day when the adventurous and chivalrous Champlain planted the flag of France on the mighty rock which Kipling has so well described as "the eastern pillar of Canada"; the other takes us back to a point precisely midway in our three hundred years of history, when Destiny, after long coquetting with France and England by turn, as if uncertain into whose hands a gift so rich as our fair Canada should fall, gave it in keeping for all time to the English race, though, as if in gratitude for what the children of France had done in planting here the foundation of civilization, leaving to the French race also its share of hope and duty in the building of the new nation that should inherit the ideals and attributes of the two parent lands.

The Tercentenary celebration, while appealing to all who love the picturesque and romantic in history, affords a special opportunity to those who are of Champlain's tongue and blood to recall the unflinching courage, the indomitable perseverance, and the statesman-like prescience of the man who may be said to have literally started Canada on its course. Of these qualities I need cite no other evidence than the two facts: first, that Champlain made no less than thirty voyages back and forth between France and Canada in the interests of the new land with which he had identified himself; voyages, be it remembered, accomplished in wretched little sailing ships of from fifty to one-hundred tons burthen only, with all imaginable dangers and discomforts of such travel; and, second, that his far-seeing eye perceived, not only the abundant resources and possibilities of Canada, but, roving over the new world at large, and foreseeing something of the greatness that must come to it, caused him to be an earnest advocate early in the seventeenth century of the construction of that trans-isthmian canal which our neighbors, the Americans, are engaged in building to-day. The memory of Champlain truly deserves all the honors that we of this generation may pay it.

So it is that of the many battlefields of Quebec, that which witnessed at once the transfer of the vast Empire of Canada to Britain, and the deaths of two great and gallant soldiers, is that which makes the most powerful appeal to the emotions, and which it is especially desirous to rescue from neglect and mistreatment.

And what shall be the outcome of it all? It is much more than one hundred years since the last battle was fought at or around Quebec. There is in these battlefields no legacy of sadness or bitterness to this generation. The two races of Canada have long since joined hand in hand in working out the great destiny of their common country. Americans and Canadians, too, are regarding each other from either side of the boundary line with ever growing good will and fraternal feeling. The British Empire is becoming more and more a mighty instrument for peace. Let the setting apart of the Quebec battlefields, then, become a seal upon a compact making peace for all time between the nations whose dead lie buried there. The compact need not be the less real because it may remain unwritten. Let us do each our share in bringing this about, and the Quebec Tercentenary will not have been in vain.

The Greatest Job Going.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, of New York, calls itself a journal of civilization, and now then it has an article which specifically deals with this subject and which is well worth reading. The following words from Harper's are addressed to the people of the United States, but they can be perused with profit by Canadians, too:

The great need of our country (as of the rest of the world) is civilization—the knowledge how to live, and the will to live according to knowledge. Civilization will mean to us, among other things, capacity in the voting population to select experts to make the laws and enforce them and perform the duties of government. It will mean such things as the wise adjustment of the tariff to existing conditions; the best solution of the drink problem, the city government problem, the great problem of how best to teach the rising generation to be good as well as capable. It will mean the repeal of foolish laws and the enforcement of the rest; the dim-

inution of waste; the cutting down of fire losses in the United States by \$125,000,000 a year; a great reduction in the annual loss of life by homicide and other forms of violence; the decay of graft; the preservation of the forests; the just administration of public utilities, the vast improvement of manners in men and newspapers; more money; more sense; better health; more liberty; more obedience to law; more leisure and more fun for every one. What the wise socialists want and work for, what the churches want and work for, and what all wise and good people strive, consciously or not, to attain, is civilization. It comes slowly and fitfully, but it seems to come. Our great care must be to insure to our specimen of it so broad a foundation that, once attained, it cannot topple over. Wonderfully inspiring is the vision of a truly civilized country, forging grandly ahead under wise laws and a proper system of checks and balances; rich, strong, busy, and peaceable, prosecuting enormously the interminable exploration of Nature and the discovery of her secrets for the benefit of mankind. Whoever has a conscious part in bringing civilization along has a hand in the most inspiring work there is. All workers—farmers, mechanics, teachers, ministers, of religion, capitalists, politicians, doctors, lawyers, and even the brokers and the legislators—should so manage their conduct as to be able to treat themselves to the persuasion that they have a part in this vast work and are doing their share. The legislators help and hinder by turns, according to the extent of their knowledge.

A Wonderful President.

PRESIDENT CASTRO, of Venezuela, who has once more come into conflict with the United States Government, is one of the most remarkable personalities in contemporary history. He has been called the Napoleon of South America, and, indeed, he has much in his nature that reminds one of the "little corporal." His self-assurance, says London M.A.P., is sublime, and he has the greatest contempt for all the powers in Europe. Venezuela is, to him, the only country worth considering in the world, and he has recently expressed the opinion that it will be unconquerable as long as he lives. During the Russo-Japanese war, he was discussing the merits of the opposing armies with a friend. The latter was enthusiastic in his praises of the soldiers of the Mikado. "Bah!" exclaimed Castro. "Think of the thousands of men they had and the months they were at it. Why, I could have taken Port Arthur in three days with five hundred Venezuelans!"

The President's mode of life is as remarkable as his self-assurance. Sometimes he will disappear from his capital for days together, and no one will have the least idea of his whereabouts until he turns up again smiling as if nothing had happened. His hospitality is unbounded, and he often invites casual passers-by to his house and treats them to impromptu balls and parties. Dancing is his favorite pastime, and it is related that an American official once called upon him with some important documents, and found him in the middle of the day surrounded by numerous guests and dancing enthusiastically. "When will the President have finished his dance?" asked the official sarcastically, of one of Castro's ministers. The latter threw up his hands in despair. "Don't ask me," he replied, "the President has been at it every day for the last five days."

President Castro lives in what is probably the most remarkable dwelling place of any modern ruler. It stands within a park at Caracas and is built almost entirely of steel. The outer walls are covered with a kind of soft stone; so, to look at, there is nothing peculiar about the place; but it is said to be the strongest house in the world, and will resist the heaviest gun fire. The idea of a steel "palace" occurred to the President after he had had experience of one or two earthquakes. One night he was awakened by an earth tremor, and in his fright he jumped out of the window and broke his leg. After that, he decided that bricks and mortar were not safe, hence the reason for his metal abode.

The Oldest Court.

WHICH is the oldest court of justice in the world? It is difficult to say exactly, but the Court of Hustings, of the City of London, still meets with all the ceremonial of 600 years ago.

The court, which still retains the power of enrolling wills and deeds, recently met to enrol a deed establishing a scholarship in connection with the City of London school.

The presence of the Lord Mayor, six aldermen, and certain other officials is necessary for the legality of the court, which opens with the following proclamation, made by the mace-bearer:

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! All manner of persons who have been five times called by virtue of the exigent directed to the sheriffs of London, and who have not surrendered their bodies to the said sheriffs, this court doth adjudge the men to be outlawed and the women to be waived."

The proceedings, which only occupied a few minutes, closed with another quaint proclamation:

"All manner of persons who have nothing more to do with these Hustings of Pleas of Land may depart hence at this time and keep their day clean again at the next Hustings of the Pleas of Land."

The court records go back to 1258, while the court was instituted long before that date. At first all disputes between the citizens of London came before this court; but gradually changes were made, until almost its only privilege now lies in the granting of probate of wills and deeds.

Oak Trees in China Bowls.

IN the window of a London florist stand some quaint china bowls, in each of which is a tree—not a shrub, but a full-sized tree, dating back many years.

"Yes," replied the florist to a newspaperman the other day, "they are real trees—oaks, maples and beech trees. We get them from Japan, where the secret of how to rear them is known only to a few. They are raised from seeds, or specially selected cuttings, which are watched and tended with that marvellous patience inherent in the Eastern races."

"Fifty years may pass before the tree is considered saleable. During this period the plant is trained, and its natural tendencies subjugated to the will of the rearer."

"The gardener prunes and trains and rears and directs with what Carlyle called genius—an infinite capacity for taking pains. A wayward twig may be bound up for two or three years to ensure its correct growth."

"Periodically the tree is re-potted. Each time this happens the roots are carefully examined, and useless fibre cut away."

"Everything is done to concentrate the life of the tree in the smallest possible space. And in time, after years of labor, the plant loses its ability to send out long, lusty shoots, and becomes a delightful miniature of its larger brethren."

LUTHER BURBANK

A Canadian Impression of
the Genius of Horticulture

By BILLEE GLYNN

SANTA ROSA, California, was named after its roses. It nestles quietly in its lap of hills, a brook winding through like a pipe of Pan to its quaint, perfumed peace, and is perhaps one of the greatest beauty spots in all the world. It is remarkable mostly for two things—its yearly rose carnival and Luther Burbank. It was my pleasure to attend the rose carnival—a prodigality of blossoms that no one can imagine who has not seen—and afterwards aside from the gay zest of the fiesta, to meet Mr. Burbank himself, and listen to him in his quiet smiling way discuss his lifework, as well as to get an idea of the environment that goes to make up the man.

The fine new house which he occupies—built through the production of a few leaves of spineless cactus—lies just over the brook before mentioned on the lower side of the town. It is a sort of natural separation that makes Mr. Burbank, as it were, the deity of the place—and so Santa Rosa reveres him.

"One of the greatest men in all the world," they'll say, shaking their heads, "yet here he's just like the rest of us."

All about the new house—that typifies in its way the Burbank success—are multitudes of flowers. Flowers that one has never seen before because they are Burbank creations! And just across the way is the old house, that typifies the Burbank beginning and the Burbank struggle. It is a modest, weather-beaten, little cottage—of memories probably—such as one might picture in the away-back, and is now occupied by a staff of the Cree Publishing Company, of Minneapolis, who are getting out an ornate subscription edition of Mr. Burbank's work in many volumes.

Dr. Shull, of the Carnegie Institution—which pays Mr. Burbank \$10,000 a year—also has his quarters here. The institution is making literature of the Burbank creations from their scientific aspects.

Around and about the cottage, in all sorts of antics of hybridization, is the spineless cactus that is perhaps the biggest thing in the master-horticulturist's repertoire. Taking the cactus that had spines, and which was the only kind of a cactus then, Mr. Burbank decided that it would be better without them. He had decided the same way with regard to other growths, fruits, flowers, etc., and they had answered his will. With the spineless

LUTHER BURBANK.
From his latest photograph.

cactus, however, it took him twelve years, but now there's nothing he cannot do with it. It's fodder, it's food, it's even fruit—and the crimson prickly pear the spineless cactus bears is a real fruit, too, and California fruit growers have gone into the rearing of it. Then a cactus will grow where anything else won't, and it means the recovery to agriculture of great tracts of waste land throughout the world.

Beyond the spineless cactus, Mr. Burbank's creations are too numerous to mention. But they rank into the thousands from the Burbank potato to the Shasta daisy. In the hall of his house is a Californian red poppy—poppies day in the year. There is a fruit, too, for which he is responsible, that is neither an apricot nor a plum, but a cross between, that makes a distinct fruit in itself and is pitless. There is hardly a plant or a flower, indeed, he has not hybridized to some extent. As an example of the wizard-like things he does, let me state, that he once decided a certain tree carried too much bark, made it grow without the bark, then put it on again when he found the insects destroyed the tree that way.

Some of these things Mr. Burbank tells you in the cosy little reception room in his house—if you are lucky enough to get there, and only one, perhaps, out of every twenty interviewers who call to see him are accorded the privilege. This is only in justice to the man, for as he says a day is made up of only twenty-four hours and every moment of it is valuable to him. All the way from Canada, however, your welcome is indeed a cordial one, and meeting Burbank, the genius, for the first time you are face to face with Burbank, the child of nature. Simplicity is work is his creed, if anything.

Gracefully slender, gray, curling of hair, optimistic and blue-gray of eye, except for the fine modelling that goes to make up his features, he offers no pretensions whatever. He sits there smiling his boy's smile, that's all, out of what might be fifty years or a little more, and it has still got the real kind of a youth to it. Forty of those years Luther Burbank labored for success. Now he has got it and he is still working harder than ever. It's not the love of gold—though he does expect to make two million dollars out of his books, at least—but the love of the artist in him—for that's where he began. Paderewski has somewhat the same sort of a face; Sir Wilfrid Laurier has it, so did Sir John A. Macdonald. It runs, indeed, down the whole line of artists and creators—the men who have put their stamp on the world and the time in which they lived. It is at once the face of the dreamer and the battler. Looking in Luther Burbank's blue-gray eyes you know the man would have still trod the path he had mapped out for himself though success had never come to him. It did, however, and in his lifetime he has the pleasure of having proved himself an endowment to his age.

White with forty years of struggle the curl is nevertheless still crisp in his hair, in his eyes yet the boyhood that first lit to the dream of it all; and you cannot help thinking as you leave him that the Burbank creations of the future will be even greater than those of the past—for in his own field the man seems to have no limits.



THE IMMENSE NEW GRAND STAND AT THE TORONTO EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

Preparations are well under way for the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, to be held this year from August 29 to September 14. The grand stand performances are expected to excel former displays, and the Prize List shows advancement in the Fair proper.

THE THERMOPYLAE OF CANADA.

"Beside the dark Ottawa's tide
Two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought,
That all the world should know.
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes,
That record of the past,
It stirs the blood and fires the soul
As with a clarion blast."

THIS verse was the opening one of a stirring poem, which won the prize offered by the patriotic old Montreal Witness, over a quarter of a century ago, to commemorate, and revive the memory of, the Canadian Thermopylae; the defence of the Long Sault on the Ottawa river, by Dollard and his sixteen companions.

We are apt, in celebrating that most spectacular and momentous battle on the Plains of Abraham, which decided the destiny of Canada, to forget a conflict, a defence, a sacrifice, which preserved the infant colony of France from utter and horrible extinction.

The defence of the pass which led past the flank of an almost impenetrable mountain chain, and along the Hellenic shore, was surely one of the most splendid in all history. Two days of magnificent victorious fighting, and then by treachery the Grecian rear is threatened. All the Greeks withdraw except the unconquerable Spartans, whose orders were to hold that pass. The sun of the third day beats on the heavy brazen armor of three hundred heroes, and glitters like a girdle of stars on the bristling spear points of an irresistible phalanx, as this wave of human valor rolls on the foe. This handful of incomparable infantry charges an army of nations, with a force that nearly shook Xerxes from his gilded throne. The sun goes down on three hundred forms of cold clay, but their deed will never be forgotten, for Greek poetry and Grecian eloquence have blown their fame to the world's four corners.

Let us look on another picture of equal heroism; but not on the historic Grecian shore, and not under the eyes of a million of men in arms.

Word has come that a horde of nearly one thousand of the fiercest and most warlike of Indians on this continent, are descending the Ottawa. The Isle of Orleans and the infant colony of Ville Marie will be swept as bare of human life, of man and maid and child, as if a sirocco had passed over it. No force in the feeble settlement can withstand that besom of destruction, and the cry of the doomed is already rising to the throne of a merciful God.

Dollard or Daulac des Ormeaux, a young French officer sees the need of at least delay, and with sixteen comrades, all volunteers, partake of the last rites of the church, bid their fellow pioneers farewell, and with a certain and cruel fate before them, speed their birch canoes up the noble river to what is known as the foot of the Long Sault, on the Ottawa.

Here they have just time to enter and close a half ruined palisade on the bank of the stream, when the first of the invaders' canoes dashes down the rapids. There is no delay, and the fight between civilization and Christianity on the one hand, and the blackest paganism on the other, begins at once by an assault on the slight defence, which shelters seventeen French-Canadians and half a dozen brave Huron Indians.

For seven long days, amid wounds and hunger, thirst and sickness, mingled with noises blown from the mouth of hell, the conflict goes on, until the Indian losses are weakening their tiger like determination. And here a disaster befalls the half dead survivors of the little garrison. A musket barrel filled with gunpowder, and to explode from a lighted fuse, is thrown to fall among the horde of savages beating against the palisade outside. This probably would have ended the assaults of the Iroquois. But the missile fell short, struck the top of the posts, fell back and burst with terrible effect among the defenders.

And soon after that the end came, and night and oblivion settled for a time on the poor mangled corpses of the bravest men who had ever looked upon a Canadian landscape, or rejoiced in the glory of a Canadian sun. But their work was well done, for the savages, when they had counted their losses, reasoned if seventeen Frenchmen could create such havoc among them, and make such an obstinate defence, what could one hundred and seventeen of the same breed do. So they turned back into the wilderness, and many a descendant of sunny France on this continent can give all the credit for his life, and that of his ancestors, to the Spartan heroism of Daulac and his comrades.

But I fear that Canadian memories are not so good as those of the Greeks, nor is Canadian poetry and prose so fond of recalling the imperishable self-sacrifice of our hero pioneers. The exact place is unknown; no stone marks the shore where this unequal conflict took place; no marble shaft proclaims to the world that here a feat of arms was wrought which shines with undimmed lustre beside the golden names of Thermopylae, Marathon and Salamis; or sweeping down the centuries of glorious achievement—the colognade of fame—to those of Luck-

THINKIN' LONG

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

I COME from out of Ireland
An' traveled round the earth,
But never out of Ireland
Have I found aught of worth.

When I'm away from Ireland
I'm wishin' night an' noon
That I was back in Ireland,
God s'nd that it be soon!

If I died out of Ireland,
Though they should lay me deep,
There's nowhere out of Ireland
The likes of me could sleep.

When I get back to Ireland
I'll find a lass I know,
An' never more from Ireland
Afarin' will I go.

now and Kars, and their Canadian defenders, Brigadier Inglis and Sir Fenwick Williams.

"What though no stone shall mark the spot,
Where lonely sleep the brave?
Their mighty name is unforgotten,
Their glory has no grave."

HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

Ottawa, July 10, 1908.

The Fear of Failure.

WRITING on things theatrical in The Forum for July, Clayton Hamilton says:

The managers assure us that they are always looking eagerly for good plays; and yet three out of four of the season's record-breaking dramas might, except for certain happy chances, have failed to get produced. The two best and most successful—"The Witching Hour" and "The Servant in the House"—being dramas of ideas, are the sort of plays that managers are afraid of. So far as their fear has any foundation at all, it is founded on the fallacy that a really good play cannot earn its living. This fallacy, which is disproved by the record of nearly every great play in the history of the theatre from Aeschylus to Ibsen, is unfortunately fostered not only by the cowardice of the commercial managers, but also by the perversity of most of the professed "uplifters" of the stage. The trouble with all the schemes for an endowed theatre in America is that they are based upon this fundamental fallacy. An institution, in order to succeed, must be founded upon faith, not founded upon fear. If ever we are to have a national theatre, we must base it upon the belief that the public want to see good plays, not upon the belief that they want to stay away from them. The only right reason for the establishment of a national theatre, endowed or not endowed, is not that the public will not pay to see "Sappho and Phaoon" and "The Struggle Everlasting," but that they will pay to see "The Witching Hour" and "The Servant in the House." What is needed alike by the "uplifters" and the managers is a firmer faith in the possibilities of popular appreciation. Many noble endeavors nowadays are quashed at their inception because of a foolish fear that their results will be "over the heads of the public." But the heads of the public loom taller than the timorous imagine. This has been proved anew in the case of "The Witching Hour," thrice declined, and of "The Servant in the House," produced in the face of the fear that symbolic and religious dramas do not pay. Let us hope that from this experience the managers may learn at last that it pays to look up to the average theatre-goer, instead of down upon him.

An Interesting Estimate of Cleveland.

THE San Francisco Argonaut says: When Grover Cleveland came to the presidency in 1885 at the age of forty-seven he was equipped for the duties of that great office. Almost his whole life had been passed in a provincial city of western New York and his associations had not been of the best. As a lawyer he did not rank high; as a county official he had been closely associated with the classes which make up the forces of local politics; as a bachelor he had lived without the moralizing and refining influences of domesticity. He came from good Presbyterian stock, people of strong character, but of small culture, limited social experience, and no taste. He was so little familiar with the amenities of official and social life as to regard a "strong-minded" sister, a woman who cropped her hair like a man and affected masculine subjects of conversation interlarded

with pedantic quotations, a proper mistress for the White House. He had no scholarship, little general knowledge of his own country and next to none at all of the world in general. He had never learned to work through others and at the beginning undertook to do himself pretty much the whole labors of the administration. We recite these facts not to belittle Mr. Cleveland, but rather to do him honor. At forty-seven most men have attained their full mental and moral stature; it is the exceptional man who has in him any real power of growth after that period. Mr. Cleveland was of the last-named sort; his larger education began with his election to the presidency, and from that day to the day of his death he grew and grew steadily to a degree something approaching personal grandeur of character. He rose as few men rise with the rise of fortune, until at his death last week, at the age of seventy-three, he stood easily the most respected figure in American life. Since Jefferson, we have not had in the citizenship of the country one other man who has so completely illustrated the character and the properties of private station in combination with large dignities and recognized ascendancy.

Creation of Literature.

THERE comes a time in the lives of most persons, usually in youthful periods of rapid growth, when they suddenly become keenly conscious of the value of expression. The youth of eighteen or twenty begins to feel the power of words. His mental equilibrium is in a state of continual disturbance owing to the impact of new ideas and emotions struggling for expression. It seems to him easy to express great and eternal thoughts in marvellously appropriate and expressive language. How rich and significant words seem to him, how full of meaning and of feeling! So golden are his utterances that he is strongly convinced that nature has created in him a special genius for seizing upon and expressing the deepest passions of human experience. The secret of great literature lies in his hand and all he need do is to exercise the divine creative instinct in him. Yet all the while the youth is welling with these noble enthusiasms, his senior by a few years is aware that it is not the man himself who is speaking, but the language which is speaking for him. He is merely growing up to his inherited gift, of which, by one of the mysterious processes of human growth, he has suddenly become conscious. After a few years of development and of more familiar acquaintance with generous ideas, his enthusiasm is likely to evaporate. He begins to see himself as others see him, to realize that men have lived before himself. Perhaps in the vast proportion of instances he will rest content with this conclusion. He will acquiesce in the silent or expressed verdict of his friends that he hasn't anything to say and will settle down to the opinion that he is an ordinary person after all. He will early have appropriated all of the inherited gift which he is capable of assimilating, will remain satisfied therewith and that will be the end of him. Or, he may be one of those shallow-souled but thick-skinned persons who are incapable both of growth and of realization of their limitations. He may choose to follow the calling of literature and write abundantly works of no merit, which are but the echoes of the thoughts and the words of others, all the while under the conviction that he is an original creative genius.

Or, yet again, he may be a person of real depth of character. His first youthful enthusiasm may open his eyes to the possibilities of growth; new interests, new areas of observation may continually present themselves to him. He may pass thus from the stage of the dilettante to that of the artist, and if his abilities are great enough, may go down with his generation as one who has added something to that inherited gift which it shall pass on to the succeeding generation.—George Philip Krapp, in the July Forum.

Another Kitchener Story.

HOPATIO HERBERT KITCHENER, Viscount Kitchener, of Khartoum, recently celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday.

Lord Kitchener is one of the greatest of British generals; but he is respected, rather than loved, by those serving under him. Stern and reserved in his manner, he is, however, very just. Rank does not influence him. The bluest-blooded subaltern is treated as impartially as an ordinary "Tommy."

During the South African campaign (relates "London Answers") a private of exemplary character reported himself as unfit for duty. The doctor, however, thought otherwise, and ordered the man back to work. Later on the soldier found himself growing much weaker and spoke to the sergeant.

"Why not tell Lord Kitchener?" was the reply. "He's in his office."

This the soldier feared to do, but the sergeant went straight in and laid the case before Kitchener.

"Send the man here and fetch Drs. A. and B.," commanded "K. of K.," without looking up from his work.

The two doctors examined the patient in the presence of his lordship, and pronounced him to be suffering from typhoid fever.

"Now send for Dr. C."

This was the doctor who had practically accused the patient of malingering. He, too, examined the patient, and then said nervously:

"Sir, I fear I have made a mistake. This man is suffering from typhoid in an early stage."

"Remove him at once to the hospital," was Kitchener's reply. "And you Dr. C., apply to the adjutant for your papers, and return to England at your earliest convenience."

President Roosevelt and College Ethics.

THE annual boat race between Harvard and Yale was witnessed by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, as old graduates of Harvard and Yale respectively. Harvard's success was regarded as in jeopardy owing to the action of the Harvard faculty in depriving two oarsmen of their places in the crew for a technical breach of college discipline, says the London Times. The men seem to have violated a rule against the removing of books from the college reference library.

Mr. Roosevelt stepped into the breach and appealed to President Eliot, of Harvard, to substitute another punishment for the trivial offence the oarsmen had committed, urging that it was unfair that others should be made to suffer. President Eliot's answer to Mr. Roosevelt declining to reinstate the men was sharp and decisive. He telegraphed saying:

"Each man did a dishonorable thing. One violated, in his private interest and in a crooked way, a rule made in the common interest, while the other gave a false name and did not take a subsequent opportunity to give his own. A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life, I think the college and graduates should condemn effectively dishonorable conduct. The college should also teach that one must never do scurvy things in the supposed interest or for the pleasure of others."

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TURNING OF THE TIDE

During the last fifty years 3,250,000 Canadians have gone to the United States. The United States census of 1900 shows 1,191,255 from Canada. How times have changed! Canadians are no longer seeking employment in the United States, while last year nearly 100,000 citizens of the United States moved into Canada.

A few years ago Canadians were using imported Tires on their Carriages and Automobiles, but they no longer find this necessary since the Tires made by the Canadian Rubber Company, of Montreal, have been introduced to the Canadian people. These Tires are made by expert Canadian workmen, and are sold at all the branches of the company from Halifax to Victoria. Toronto branch, Front and Yonge Streets. Telephone Main 207.

"Formona" is a liquid, antiseptic dressing for any part of the body which, by reason of excessive perspiration becomes tender, painful and "chapped." Try a bottle from your druggists, 25c. E. G. West & Co., agents.

When the King Entertains

IN writing about the latest of the great garden parties given by the King and Queen at Windsor Castle, the London correspondent of the New York Sun marvels at "the perfection of organization which made the affair run so smoothly." This correspondent refers to the event in a way that is really explanatory and interesting. His description is so much more illuminating than the average correspondence on such happenings that it is here given:

One garden party must in general lines be very like another. The band plays, men and women dressed in their best clothes stroll about, chat together, eat strawberries and cream and sandwiches, drink tea and then go home. And so it was at Windsor. But there was much more.

Put aside the fact that the host and hostess were the King and Queen of the country, and picture the scene. One of England's most beautiful June afternoons a day of clear sunlight and cool breezes; in the background the historic pile of Windsor Castle, English history in stone; in the foreground the silvery winding Thames; and in between the emerald lawns of the castle and the sweeping turf and wooded glades of Windsor Park. Scattered over the lawns were the thousands of guests. Exactly how many were there is not known, but of the 9,000 invited there were probably some 8,000 present.

The invitations, numerous as they were, were by no means sent haphazard. The King's idea was that his party should represent as many phases of the national life as possible, even to the exclusion of some people who might expect to go everywhere but whose distinction is merely social. The King approved the lists himself and at once checked any idea that the party would be a loosely arranged affair to which people might beg invitations.

And so a wonderful assortment of people was gathered together. Rajahs and Maharajahs from India were brilliant in silks and jewels; labor members of Parliament walked about in soft felt hats; bishops and clergymen from many countries were there, for the delegates to the Pan-Anglican Congress were invited; actors and actresses were present in plenty, men of all the arts, letters and sciences were there; politicians and diplomats, soldiers and sailors, all were there, and with them their wives, their daughters and their mothers.

And all the 8,000 came, were entertained and went away as quietly and as comfortably as if it had been a party of fifty.

The King and Queen came into the garden with a certain amount of ceremony. They were preceded by two equeuries in waiting, who were the only members of the suite in uniform. With the King and Queen were the Prince and Princess of Wales and other royalties. After them and their suites came at a distinct interval the guests who were staying at the castle, including the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors.

The guests, unmarshalled, formed a lane for the Royal party, who went to the tents in the middle of the lawn for tea. That finished they broke into parties which made a kind of progress in different directions. The King went attended by the Lord Chamberlain and the equeuries; the Queen by her chamberlain and her ladies, taking with her the younger children of the Prince of Wales, who went with Prince Albert.

Many presentations were made to the King, especially in connection with the Pan-Anglican Congress, but for the most part it was an informal part of the day. Therein lay the success of the function.

The King at these parties has certainly managed somehow to give the impression, even to those who are not important people or royal friends, that they are in truth his guests and that he would like to talk to them; and it is surprising how many he manages to talk to in the course of the afternoon. Of one art he is certainly a master. He can time the length of the interview he grants to a moment.

A few words to one, a few minutes to another, but whether it is words or minutes as soon as the moment arrives the King passes them on—dismisses them too harsh a word—and they go with an air always of perfect satisfaction. However short the interview has been complete.

The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales moved among the guests in a perfectly simple and informal way, and there was an amusing little result of this when the King suddenly crossed the threshold of one of the tents where people

were having tea. There was a flutter. They did not all know whether to be equally simple and go on with their tea or whether to stand up and face their sovereign with plates of strawberries and cups of tea in their hands.

It is on an occasion like this that the King's knowledge of languages stands him in good stead. As the various foreign officers were presented to him he welcomed each in his own language.

There was an amusing discrepancy in the various newspaper accounts of how the King was dressed; a gray frock coat suit with a gray hat and a black band around it, said several accounts. As a matter of fact he wore a deep navy blue frock coat, as he generally has this season, and a gray hat without a black band.

There was similar doubt about the Queen's colors. Gray, lavender, mauve, heliotrope, all are given. Princess Patricia of Connaught's hat was also a cause of much contradiction—white with red ribbons, said one, cherry ribbons said another. It was really a sunburned straw trimmed with sweet peas of dark shades.

Costly Dinners

THE chef of one of the most garish hotels in Paris, just to show his resources, has framed up a dinner to cost \$400 a cover. But it has never been ordered, and without an American to order it the chef is in despair of ever being able to display his greatest ability.

This circumstance (says the New York Sun) has led to a discussion concerning the cost of dinners now and in the past. King Milan of Serbia once ordered a dinner in Paris at \$40 a head, but that no longer counts. And then there was a dinner given to King Edward of England, then Prince of Wales, ten years ago this month, at which the twenty-three diners drank 2,300 francs' worth of one particular wine (Chateau Lafite), or \$20 worth of the wine apiece.

It should perhaps be said that for some reason or other Edward didn't go to the dinner after all, but sent a lord to represent him. Maybe somebody whispered something to him about the wine. Anyway the chroniclers said that he sent a worthy substitute.

But the general discussion of these high priced entertainments has resulted in the discovery that the great dinners of former days were not marvels which the present generation may not know. On the contrary, they were just such meals as are now provided, only that the wines gave them added cost which made the stories of them imposing.

"In this age of automobiles, can people be found any more who will eat for nourishment alone?" asked some worshippers of old times. "Is it not the absence of gourmets that has wrought the extinction of the Vatel's?"

And the answer has come that the questioners were under illusion, that the ancient menus were scarcely works of art and that they owed their splendor largely to the costly wines which accompanied them. For example, a famous dinner is cited which took place where the dinner of the 23 and the 2,300 francs' worth of wine already referred to was held, at the Cafe Anglais.

It was given in 1867, in Napoleon III's time, and was known as the dinner of the three Emperors. There were among the guests besides Napoleon, the Czar and the Emperor William I., the Czarowitz and five Grand Dukes. The dinner cost \$80 a head, and the bill of fare was simple.

But here came the reason for its cost. Behold the beverages that went along: Madere retour de l'Inde, 1846; Xeres, 1821; Chateau Yquem, 1847; Chambertin, 1846; Chateau Margaux, 1847; Chateau Latour, 1847; Chateau Lafite, 1848. It is said that the wines represented the chief cost of the dinner.

POPULAR ROUTE TO QUEBEC

The Canadian Pacific Railway offers unequalled service to Quebec for the Tercentenary Celebration. Fast trains leave at convenient hours, running to the heart of Quebec City, without transfers or delays. The single fare rate comes into effect today (the 18th), continues until the 25th, and tickets are good for return until August 3rd. Write C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, for free copy of Tercentenary Programme and any information required.

"Of course you could dress my daughter as she is accustomed to be dressed," said the old man, with covert sneer. "Of course I could," responded the younger one, "but I wouldn't. She'll agree to put out the cartwheel hat or the deal stops right here.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Alice Finn; A Mermaid.

UPON a morning jocular, The half of one binocular Might have observed two sailormen a-strolling by the sea; And by their actions dignified, It very easily signified That one of 'em was Henry Smith, and one of 'em was me.

The day was rather tropical, Our talk was rather topical, When suddenly upon a rock we saw just what we seen; A mermaid quite attractive like A-sittin' there, inactive like, And sort of doin' up 'er hair, which same was long and green.

I made as if to speak to her, But what I said was Greek to her, For she remained ob-liv-i-ous, a-pow-derin' 'er nose; And with a pair of girleygaws, She done her hair in curlykews, And kind 'o smiled, as if to say, "I'm pretty I suppose."

I yelled "Ahoy there!" breezily She turned around quite easily And snapped 'er fingers in the air as perky as could be, (The way you talk to foreigners) At two lone, lornsome mariners, And one of 'em was Henry Smith and one of 'em was me.

Though Henry's face was laffable, I doffed my bonnet affable, And said: "Though me and Henry Smith has sailed for years a score,

In schooner, junk and tub marine, A charming maiden submarine, A settin' plain before our eyes, we never seen before."

She looked at first suspiciously, And then she spoke felicitously, "I've often wished a sailorman me hand and heart to win."

Says Henry, "Thankee, marm," says 'e.

Says she, "I meant no harm," says she.

"For I'm a niece o' Neptune, and me name is Alice Finn."

I speaks without a falter, "Ma'am, I've tacked around Gibraltar, ma'am, I've navigated rocks and shoals on many ocean tours; I've sailed through Spain and Venice, too,

But never seen a menace to The art o' navigation like them handsome eyes o' yours."

Says Hank (his mind's so sordid-like!)

"I've got some money hoarded-like, Full fifteen hundred dollars in the bank o' Greenwich town, (Intention matrimonial)

And in yon house colonial,

A mermaid and a mariner might wed and settle down."

Says she, "My fear of losing you Makes matters hard in choosing you"

Just then above the waves appeared her mother, Mrs. Finn,

Who said, "Who's them there men, my dear?

What! flirting there again, my dear? Your father's home for luncheon now—come in, my child, come in!"

So, Alice, lookin' sweetly up, Just tied 'er back hair neatly up,

Then dove ker-plunk into the sea and never spoke at all;

Just gave a sort o' hop-and-skip, And hit the water flop-and-flip,

Without so much as askin' if we'd drop in for a call!

Says Hank, "She tried to divvil us!" Says I, "Her natur's frivolous!"

Says Hank, "Her mind is shallow, but 'er home is deep," says 'e.

And so, as meek as sailormen, Backed walked two lonesome sailormen.

And one of 'em was Henry Smith and one of 'em was me.

—The Century.

"Augusta," said Mr. Wyss when the quarrel was at its height, "you have devised a great variety of ways to call me a fool." "Merely a matter of necessity," replied Mrs. Wyss. "You have devised so many ways of being one."—The Bohemian.

Physician—From a hasty examination, I am of the opinion that you are suffering from clergyman's sore throat. Patient—The hell you say! Physician (quickly)—But it is quite possible I am wrong—I will look again.—The Bohemian.

The man who makes it a rule to growl at every new invention might as well begin to figure when the flying machine will interfere with his comfort. It will be here one of these days.—Montreal Herald.

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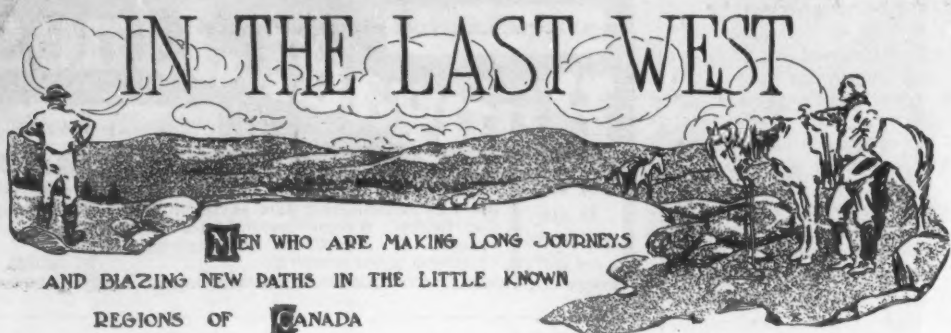
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A READER of SATURDAY NIGHT writing from The Pas, a town newly-created in the far west, complains that there is a mail from there only once a month. This is what he says about the place, writing under date of June 18.

This brand-new town came into existence yesterday and already has over a dozen buildings on the town-site, including several important commercial establishments now doing business. This town is "The Pas," pronounced "The Paw." Yesterday, June 17, The Pas ceased being part of the Cree Indian Reserve located at the crossing of the Great Saskatchewan river and The Pasqua Hills, and has taken its place as one of coming cities of this continent. Nothing but the mistake of the Dominion Government turning over the construction of the Hudson's Bay railway to a private railway company can prevent The Pas becoming a great commercial, railway and industrial centre, second only to Winnipeg.

The sale of lots by auction held yesterday at The Pas was a great success so far as the Department of Indian Affairs of Canada is concerned. Over twenty thousand dollars' worth of choice high and dry lots in the Government townsite were disposed of to investors from many parts of Canada. The lots put on sale numbered 365, and the larger portion of these were sold. Spirited bidding was a feature of the sale which lasted from noon until four o'clock in the afternoon. The heaviest purchaser of Pas property was Herman Finger of Port Arthur, Ontario, who owns immense timber limits tributary to The Pas, and who will erect a mammoth lumber mill at this point on the Lower Saskatchewan just as soon as the Canadian Northern railway, which already has steel laid to The Pas, commences operation to this point. And this will be at an early date, as everything is in readiness except to ballast seventy miles of track, and two gravel trains are now busily at work. The Pas will early become one of the big lumbering centres of Canada. The timber of the whole Lower Saskatchewan Valley, together with its important tributaries, the Carrot river and the Pasqua, all converges at this point where it will be milled and shipped by rail to supply the vast stretches of open prairie land being so rapidly settled up to the southwest of the timber belt.

Among other large purchasers of property at The Pas were H. C. Beatty, of Saskatoon, who secured the business blocks adjacent to the railway station, and which he is now leasing for retail business purposes; J. A. MacRae, also of Saskatoon, and Reginald Beatty, of Melfort, which latter two gentlemen bought considerable fine residential lots.

The Hudson's Bay Company, which has maintained an important trading post here perhaps for centuries, have just recently erected an extensive warehouse at The Pas to supply the other posts in the immense territory in touch by boat and canoe with this centre. The Northwest Fish Company which owns several boats and barges engaged in the fish trade in waters tributary to The Pas have a new warehouse here and plan a large business exporting fresh fish to the American market. The fur trade in The Pas territory is also very large.

The Pas means "the pass" in the range of Pasqua Hills through which the lowly Saskatchewan hurries on its way after traversing several hundred miles of level country and before reaching another stretch of level land where the banks are low and the country for miles at each season of high water becomes a veritable lake-dotted wilderness and across which no railway can be built or banks for bridge piers be found for a stretch of about three hundred miles except at The Pas. All railways from the great grain belt of Western Canada headed for Hudson's Bay must converge at this strategic crossing of the Lower Saskatchewan. Thus the present Dominion government plan a government owned and operated railway from The Pas to Fort Churchill, and the economy and wisdom of this scheme are self-evident to one fa-

miliar with the topography of the country.

What has so long been an Indian mission of the Church of England and the great half-way house of the ancient and honorable association of gentlemen adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay has now become the nucleus of a great mart of modern trade and railway centre of the north. Even the Cree Indians have caught the spirit of the times and lately operated their steam saw-mill at a terrific rate, cutting lumber to supply the new demand for building material since the townsite has passed from them.

MR. D. HENDERSON, of Prince Albert, has written SATURDAY NIGHT to make a few remarks about the "Tropical North"—that is to say, the country drained by the mighty North Saskatchewan river, on the banks of which Prince Albert occupies a commanding position. He regrets that MACK, on his western trip last year, was unable to visit that city in order to observe its remarkable advantages. "Permit me to say," he writes, "that the traveller who merely goes over the main railway lines of the West sees a country which, in comparison with the great richness and wealth of the country that lies beyond to the north of the Saskatchewan, is only as the first furrow of the ploughman to square the end of the field he intends to cultivate. You have seen the rolling prairies where they can with just pride boast of their No. 1 hard wheat, and their big loaves; you have seen the swelling range where the lonely herder can count his cattle by the thousand, and boast of his roast beef; but here, on the banks of the Saskatchewan, sheltered from the cold and piercing blow of the winter blizzard and the merciless sweep of the summer cyclone, nature has spread her real banquet. Here she has collected and blended her thousand blessings. Here she has placed within easy reach all those elements and potentialities that go to make up and maintain a rich and prosperous people. Here we have a climate far superior to countries many hundreds of miles further south. Our climatic conditions here, as compared to the open plain, are as the sheltered harbor is to the open sea. I heartily agree with your suggestion that it should be deemed necessary for the proper education of members of parliament at Ottawa that they should travel the great West in order to comprehend the great possibilities of the country for which they legislate. When you revisit the West, come to Prince Albert."

MR. R. E. GOSNELL, provincial archivist, and Mr. E. O. Scholefield, provincial librarian, of British Columbia, are now actively engaged in the first attempt that has ever been made to assemble all relics of British Columbia historical interest, such as scenic pictures, photographs of noted pioneers, manuscripts, etc. They are also arranging for an exhibition of the result of their labors at the New Westminster annual fair. Mr. Gosnell says that if sufficient funds can be found the scheme which he has in hand can be made one of the greatest attractions ever attempted in the province, and he has hopes of securing the financial aid which would bring the plan to success. The provincial government proposes to gather pictures and photographs of the explorers, early Hudson Bay officials, Governors, Premiers, early Government officials, pioneer missionaries and clergymen, all the fifty-eighters if possible, and in fact of all the early notables of the province. The productions of these old pictures would be made in sepia, and the subjects classified and grouped. After the exhibition these reproductions would become permanent features of the provincial museum at Victoria. Historical relics, such as articles of barter among the Indians and early settlers, maps, charts, original surveying instruments (those which were used to survey the site for New Westminster included), manuscripts, etc., will be taken from the provincial library and elsewhere. Mr. Gosnell, says the Vancouver

Province, proposes shortly to visit Oregon and Washington cities, principally Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Vancouver, Wash., in search of historical manuscripts, maps, etc. He anticipates finding a large amount of valuable material in Oregon in view of the fact that the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company was in Vancouver, Wash. He will endeavor to borrow all interesting pictures for reproduction.

Mayor Keary of New Westminster regards the proposed historical exhibition as one of the best features that the exhibition has yet been in a position to offer. The suggestion has been made that it would be well to secure the attendance at the exhibition of as many old-timers as possible, but no definite step has yet been taken in that direction.

THE water in the Yukon river has now reached that stage where navigation is unimpeded by the bars and shallows which delayed the opening of the season so long this year. According to the latest advices the water in the river opposite Whitehorse on July 2 registered plus 40, or at least six inches higher than necessary to enable boats to have a free run down through Lake Laberge.

Passengers and cargo are now being rushed down stream and many of the outgoing boats are taking barges loaded with miscellaneous merchandise down the river to Dawson. On July 2 the Victorian sailed from Whitehorse with passengers and freight and she also took out a barge carrying 125 tons of cargo.

On the date mentioned there were over 3,000 tons of merchandise lying at Whitehorse and Skagway, mainly at the former point. Of this total 2,532 tons were consigned to Dawson, 193 tons to Atlin and 343 tons for lower river points.

Tourist travel to Yukon and the lower river points is expected to be large this summer and already a large number of people have started for the north. A popular route this season seems to be to Dawson, thence down stream to St. Michael, on to Nome, returning direct from the Behring Sea port.

A VICTORIA, B. C., despatch says it is learned on excellent authority that negotiations for one of the largest deals ever put through on Vancouver Island are now in progress, the completion of which will mean the passing of the extensive coal interests controlled by the Hon. James Dunsmuir into the hands of John Arbuthnot, ex-mayor of Winnipeg, and a number of New York millionaires, of whom Luke Wishart is one. The amount involved is upward of \$5,000,000. Dunsmuir signified his willingness to sell, and only the question of terms remains to be settled. The Wellington collieries, which Dunsmuir controls, embrace the large shipping mines near Ladysmith and Cumberland, where a majority of the vessels plying on the coast fill up their bunkers.

Mr. Arbuthnot and other capitalists now control the South Wellington collieries, and the ex-Winnipegger since coming to the island has interested a number of New Yorkers in the prospects, with the result that the pending deal is the outcome of his representations.

THE Indians of the Yukon Territory and Atlin are to be organized by the Federal Government, and instructions have been forwarded to Mr. A. W. Vowell, Indian agent at Victoria, and Rev. A. E. Green, inspector of Indian schools, Vancouver, to proceed north immediately and investigate the circumstances of the aborigines. These Indians have never been in receipt of Government assistance, and apart from supervision by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the aid of missionaries they have been left to take care of themselves.

The interest of the Government in the natives was procured largely by Bishop Stringer and Bishop Bompas, whose work along the Yukon watershed brought astonishing results in the face of the greatest difficulties both before and after the advent of

white men in the country in great numbers following the Klondike rush.

While the Indians of the Yukon have always been self-supporting—and it is the Government's intention to keep them so—it is felt the time has come to place them under the direction of the Indian Department and provide them with schools other than those maintained by the missionaries.

In all probability the investigation of the Indians will occupy the time of Messrs. Vowell and Green for six weeks or two months. They will first proceed to Atlin, going thence to Dawson, and they may possibly continue down the Yukon to the boundary between the territory and Alaska. Sites for schools will be selected and data gathered respecting reservations and the needs of the Indians generally.

THE Dominion Exhibition at Calgary was a great success. The Calgary Daily Herald, commenting editorially on the fair at its close, says:

From the opening of its gates to their closing it was an unqualified success. In the quality of its displays and the excellence of its attractiveness it ranked with the best exhibitions ever held in this Dominion and far surpassed anything ever attempted in Western Canada.

It has been the greatest advertisement Calgary ever had. It has raised Calgary's reputation as a metropolitan city a hundred-fold. It has proclaimed to a hundred thousand people, by proof of the eye, the manifold resources and bounteous wealth of Alberta, British Columbia and the entire country.

Above all, it goes into history as a clean, educative and beneficial fair. The balance between the exhibits and the grand stand performance was nicely adjusted. No word of complaint has been heard concerning the attractions offered while exhibitors are frank in their praises of the treatment accorded them.

Nor were the merits of the fair confined to the grounds in which it was held. The entire city was organized for the reception of its guests. At no time were the accommodations fully taxed, while the prices charged were very reasonable. Calgary did not "hold-up" its visitors.

The chief credit for this remarkable organization belongs to E. L. Richardson, general manager of the exhibition who, by his handling of it, has made a reputation for himself. For months he worked unrelentingly to ensure the success which has now crowned his efforts. With unflinching courtesy and consideration he has met the countless demands upon his patience inseparable from his task, and has with equity and good judgment decided the many problems that came up.

President Van Wart also is entitled to hearty thanks. In his difficult position as the last court of resort for petitions and complaints he has



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been uniformly urbane and obliging.

To the directors of the exhibition also much credit is due. They worked hard each in his own department, and the results are shown in the absence of friction and in the good order that has prevailed.

Calgary is proud and happy over its exhibition.

A TARANTULA BITE.

HOW THE ATTACK OF THE VENOMOUS INSECT CAN BE CURED.

There is a superstition in the tropics that if a person is bitten by a tarantula there is only one salvation from the venom. The sufferer must take violent exercise and take it continuously until he falls to the ground exhausted. For this reason a certain dance rhythm in music is called a tarantelle. It is generally written in a two-four measure and the tempo is exceedingly rapid. It will be easily seen that the ordinary musician must make but few incursions among the tarantelles because of their technical difficulty. The Liszt tarantelle in A minor for example is work for a virtuoso. Thousands of music lovers would be glad to hear it more frequently, but while the spirit is willing the fingers are weak, or else stiff. The fingers of the Angelus, that wonderful pneumatic piano player, are neither weak nor stiff. No tarantelle is too rapid for the Angelus to play accurately. The whirling scales are beautifully even and as crisp as if they flowed from the fingers of Paderewski or Hofmann.

Yet execution is not the whole of

music. A tarantelle, like every other composition, must be properly phrased and played with some appreciation of the spirit of the writer. The Angelus has a small attachment called the phrasing lever, which can instantaneously retard or accelerate the movement of the music. Under the fingers of a person of musical taste it does marvels. By sudden pressure and release a perfect accent is procured. The melodiant picks out and emphasizes the melody of the composition. These two devices turn mechanical music into artistic music and give the Angelus pre-eminence. This marvelous player is sold in Canada as an interior part of the famous Gourlay piano. The Gourlay-Angelus is worthy of the attention of the most cultured musicians. See it at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's Yonge street warehouses.

ATLANTIC CITY EXCURSION
Via Lehigh Valley Railroad, July 24th. \$11.00 round trip, from Suspension Bridge. Particulars 54 King Street East, Toronto.

The Grey County Old Boys' Association will hold an excursion to Markdale and Owen Sound over the C.P.R. on Saturday, August 1, tickets good to return until the evening of Civic Holiday.

Poet—Have you read my last poem? Friend—I trust that I have.—Judge.

In these days genius is the capacity for taking gains. — New York Life.



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AFTER four years' engagement as baritone soloist at St. James' Square Presbyterian church, Mr. Marley R. Sherris has accepted a position as special soloist at Carlton street Methodist church, where he will be heard in solo work each Sunday.

The annual concert given by the massed bands at the Exhibition grounds on the 8th inst., proved as usual a very successful event, both musically and in the size of the audience. It was estimated that the attendance was upwards of 15,000, which ensures not only the financial end of the scheme being satisfactory, but the marked approval expressed after every selection played by the 150 selected performers will no doubt be induced to give (say at least) three concerts instead of only one, next year. A marked feature of the programme was the rendering of Dr. Albert Ham's "March Militaire," conducted by the composer. The composition is written in a happy vein, light and catchy in style and should become one of our Canadian musical classics. Of the other numbers special mention should be made of the vocal choruses, the brass quartettes, which were beautifully phrased and the Hungarian March. The local bandmasters took turns in conducting and are to be congratulated on their all-round good work.

Sebastian Bach had a somewhat unusual experience in connection with the courtship of his first wife. At this time, the future composer was organist at Arnstadt. Organists, unfortunately, are not seldom in hot water with their superiors; and Bach was no exception. He was charged with "having hitherto been in the habit of making surprising variations in the chorales and intermixing divers strange sounds, so that thereby the congregation were confused." Organists occasionally do that sort of thing now, though not perhaps so skillfully as Bach! But he was guilty of a far greater offence at Arnstadt. Love laughs at locksmiths and Bach's love laughed at the apostolic injunction, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." In other words, he had the temerity to introduce his sweet-heart into the church choir! Remember that, in the older church cantatas, women did not sing; so that Bach committed almost as great an indiscretion as would be committed if a woman's voice were allowed to be heard in the choir at Westminster Abbey! The Arnstadt authorities must, of course, bring him to book. "We furthermore," they said, "remonstrate with him on his having latterly allowed the stranger maiden to show herself and to make music in the choir." Bach's answer to this was simply that he had spoken to the parson. Perhaps when he spoke to the parson he confessed his love and his betrothal. At any rate, he was married a year later to this "stranger maiden," who bore his own name and who was in fact a cousin from a neighboring town. Cousins, they say, should not marry; but it is worth remarking in this connection that the most distinguished of Sebastian Bach's sons were all the children of this first marriage. There is an amusing entry of the marriage in its details no little personal interest. "On October 17, 1707," it reads, "the respectable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach (a bachelor) the surviving lawful son of the late most respectable Herr Ambrosius Bach (the famous town organist and musician of Eisenach), was married to the virtuous maiden Maria Barbara Bach, the youngest surviving unmarried daughter of the late very respectable and famous artist Johann Michael Bach, organist at Gehren," and so on. It is only in Germany that the registrars have time to cultivate such flowers of official rhetoric. Yet how pleasant it is to read all this about Sebastian Bach after these two hundred years have gone by!

One or two stray paragraphs in the newspapers have served to remind us that the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Michael Balfé has just passed. Mr. W. Lawrence has tried to give some more permanence to the event by a pamphlet on "The Balfé Centenary," recording chiefly the composer's associations with his native Dublin. Balfé's family, it is interesting to recall, had

been professionally associated with music and the stage for many years. His grandfather played in the band of a Dublin theatre; and it is said that he was also a pupil of the famous violinist Dubourg, who played at the first performance of "The Messiah," in 1742. Balfé's father was a good violinist himself. Much that Balfé wrote in the way of opera has gone quite out of fashion; but "The Bohemian Girl" has never lost its charm with the opera-going public.

Nearly two years ago Mr. Henry Starck produced an entirely new Irish (chromatic) bagpipe—on view at the recent Dublin Exhibition. As several sets of pipes are in use in Irish cities and in the colonies, the maker is pleased with the success achieved. But in order to make the instrument more popular, a couple of new models are now ready. The inventor is Mr. William O'Duane, who has spent ten years in improvements and in simplification. The fingering of Mr. Starck's original model was difficult except to an expert; but the management of the keys of the new pipes is so easy that facility in their manipulation is soon attained. One of the new instruments (at £7 10s.), with eight keys and having a compass of nearly two chromatic octaves is suitable for music written in any key. There are three drones—in A, E and A—which are adjustable as to pitch. The cheaper model at £6 is fitted with three keys and is playable in A only; of course it contains the three drones. The inventor thinks that the introduction of bagpipes into rural districts would even spread a love of folk lore music, or at any rate prevent old customs from dying out. These instruments do not possess the soft tone of the old Irish (or "union") pipes, which are blown from a bellows worked by the piper's arm; on the contrary, they are blown from the mouth and a loud tone is obtained. We think it probable—now that the ship's fiddler in the navy is abolished—that a "ship's piper" may eventually take his place.

One day in spring, three years before his death, Brahms made an excursion with Brull, Heuberger, Door, Mandzowski, Specht and others. They stopped at a tavern for a meal, and when one of the ladies in the party tipped over a salt-cellar, he called to her to hurry up and pour red wine on it. Afterwards, when he had been joking with the waiter girl, one of the friends said: "You ought to get married yet." But Brahms suddenly turned very serious and declared that it was too late for him to marry. What was there about him that could attract a woman? His money? Or his art? There might be some one whose admiration for his music might make her willing to marry him. In that case, why not simply send her the music, the cause of her admiration? "No, no!" he concluded emphatically, "it would be impossible. I would have to despise any woman willing to marry me." On the way back he barely opened his mouth; but when they passed a confectioner's and saw some poorly attired children gazing wistfully at the sweets within, he took them in and bought what they wanted.

Mascagni is still manufacturing operas by wholesale, but little is heard of them outside of Italy. A few weeks ago, we read, he definitely decided upon the libretto for his new opera, which he proposes to complete in six months, in order that it may be produced early next year. At the same time he has been negotiating with a French publisher concerning the composition of a three-act opera, to be produced in Rome, in 1911, during the celebration of the jubilee of the proclamation of Italian unity. His last opera, "Amica," has lately been given at a number of Italian cities under his own direction. "In his absence," as a Milan correspondent writes, "the success of these renderings of his work would have been by no means certain, but so great is his (personal) popularity that a warm reception for the composer and his opera is everywhere assured."

Some years ago, Mr. Joseph Bennett had a pleasing habit of making copy out of the vagaries of the provincial music critics. It would be worth somebody's while to do the same thing now with the American

music critics. Yankee musical criticism is nothing if not graphic. Look at this from The Detroit News about Paderewski's pedalling:

"His right foot slides caressingly over the metal at times and presses with a swinging gentle motion that might move the rocker of a cradle. Again, it is drawn high under the knee and flung forward as if aiming at a revolving bicycle pedal. With all the vigor of a motorman pounding a gong when there is a woman wheeling a baby carriage on the tracks, he bangs away excitedly, only to resume the caressing motion with his right foot, while the left takes gay little steps about the platform. He has also a way of resting his heels on the stage and softly patting the air with alternate feet as if pumping at a melodeon, sometimes substituting for this a sewing machine movement."

That critic was clearly paid by space; either so or he did not know what to say about the music and the playing!

The great tenor admits himself to be the victim of nervousness. When the Kaiser paid him compliments after he had sung in Berlin, his emotion was so great that he lost his voice—words of thanks would not come. And after San Francisco he believed that his earthquake-shaken voice had gone forever. Then he proceeds paradoxically to declare that as far as his stage successes are concerned he owes them chiefly to stage fright: "I am seized with nervousness, and the anguish alone makes my voice what it is. There is no personal merit in it. This fever betrays itself to the public by mysterious effects which move it, but let it be known that Caruso on the boards is not responsible for the pleasure he may give to others and that everything is the fault of that redoubtable deity called *le trac*. It may be believed that each evening I suffer from this fright increasingly, for people say to me regularly: 'You have never sung so well as to-day.' Caruso is not only an excellent caricaturist, but he loves practical jokes and is not averse to telling one on himself. In a recent interview in the Paris *Matin* he relates that while his teacher had great confidence in him, predicting that he would some day earn \$40 a month. Verdi was not so favorably impressed: 'When I created Feodor in *Milza* he asked the names of the artists, and when he heard mine he interrupted: 'Caruso? They tell me he has a fine voice, but it seems to me that his head is not in its place.'"

Defending Shakespearean Ladies

DR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, the noted Shakespearean critic, comes to the defence of several Shakespearean ladies who have suffered more or less under the cloud of invidious aspersions. In his address before the Harvard chapter of Phi Beta Kappa during the recent Commencement season, Dr. Furness brought forward a vindication of Ophelia from the charge of falsehood, and tried to clear Lady Macbeth of the charge of having done her bloody deed while her brain was fired by alcoholic stimulation. Dr. Furness, as reported by the daily press, states the case more fully in these words:

"There are two lines in 'Macbeth' to which I have never heard but one interpretation, and this interpretation has always been to me not only most inartistic, but even revolting. It is in the second scene of the second act, where Lady Macbeth enters with the words:

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire.

"I know of no published explanation of these words other than that given a hundred and thirty years ago by Mrs. Griffith, who remarks that Shakespeare 'seems to think that a woman could not be rendered completely wicked without some degree of intoxication.' All subsequent commentators have either quoted Mrs. Griffith or omitted any reference to the passage; her interpretation remains, therefore, the only one, as far as I know, and is not only so gross, but implies such a violation of all art in representing a heroine as intoxicated, that I will not listen to it. Rather any solution, however far-fetched or feeble or childish, than that Lady Macbeth in that supreme hour was sustained by drink."

In the "attendant circumstances" Dr. Furness thinks may be found another explanation. Thus: "Duncan was sleeping beneath the roof of his own kinsman, not only a kinsman, but the most loyal and trusted of Thanes. Could king be

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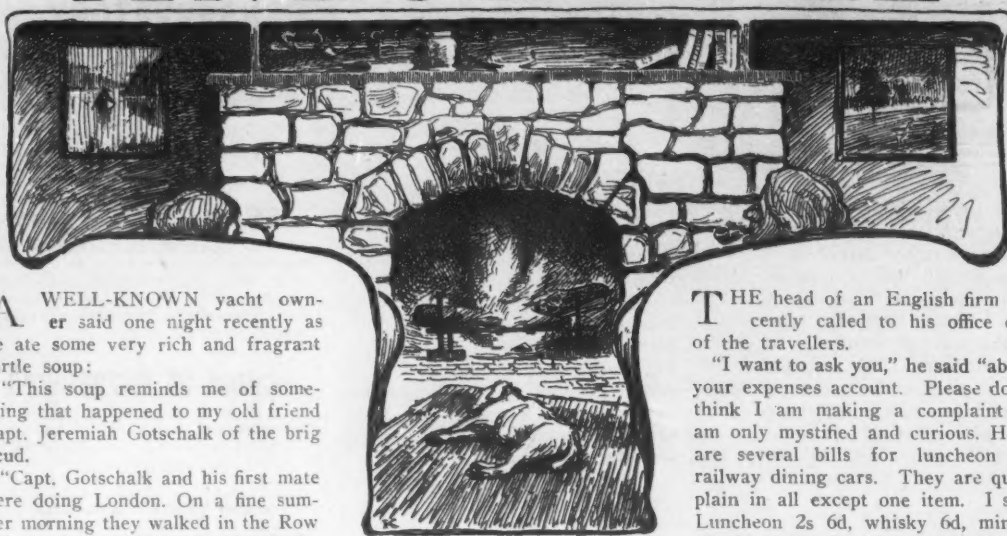
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A WELL-KNOWN yacht owner said one night recently as he ate some very rich and fragrant turtle soup:

"This soup reminds me of something that happened to my old friend Capt. Jeremiah Gotschalk of the brig Scud.

"Capt. Gotschalk and his first mate were doing London. On a fine summer morning they walked in the Row and saw the fashionable horsebacking; they strolled in Piccadilly, where all the great clubs are; they looked over the guns and the men's things in Bond street; and lastly, they got hungry.

"For lunch they entered a smart-looking restaurant. A maid in a white cap took their order. The things in the little restaurant were rather cheaper than they had expected. Still, that was all the better, providing the quality was good.

"In a few minutes the maid put two plates of thin, transparent fluid with a somewhat salty taste before Captain Gotschalk and his mate.

"The mate tasted it and coughed. 'Put a name to this, Cap'n, will ye?' said he.

"Capt. Gotschalk tried a spoonful, and then beckoned the waitress to him.

"What might ye call this here, my lass?' says he, lifting up a spoonful and letting it fall back into the plate.

"Soup, sir,' says the waitress.

"Soup,' cried Capt. Gotschalk.

"Yes, ignorance,' the waitress answered, flushing up.

"The captain turned to the mate.

"Soup!' he said, 'Soup! By tar, Bill, just think o' that. Here's you and me been sailin' on soup all our lives, and never knowed it till now.'"

ONE of the wittiest men that ever sat in the United States House of Representatives was the Honorable John Allen, of Mississippi, better known perhaps by his self-imposed title of "Private" Allen. Mr. Allen affects an extravagant faith in the future of his town, Tupelo, and is ever ready to enlighten the stranger as to its wonderful resources and advantages, as compared with any town in the south.

A New York politician was one day "joshing" Mr. Allen, with reference to Tupelo, when he chanced to ask:

"Say, Allen, how large is Tupelo, anyway?"

"Tupelo," replied Private Allen, "is about the size of New York City. The only difference is that Tupelo is not entirely built up. But that's a mere technicality."

WHEN Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the Capitol a young congressman from Tennessee whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor.

"I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."

"Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean.

Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered: "My Little Nell."

"Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you."

"I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story, 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' sir," retorted Dickens, flushing.

"Oh!" said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?"

AN American on a visit to London took 'bus to the city every morning, where he had business to do with an Anglo-American firm. He always sat behind the driver. On the first journey he noticed that on arriving at a certain corner the driver took out his big silver watch, dangled it to and fro a few times, and winked jovially at an individual who stood at the door of a shop.

"Why do you do that," the American asked.

"Well," said the driver, taking his pipe from his mouth, "that's a little joke we 'as between us, bein' as we are old friends. You see, his father was 'anged."

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S genius for repartee is perhaps best shown in his most famous reply to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit, and one day plaintively remarked:

"After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat."

"Yes," came the answer, "but not with the same skulls."

ALTHOUGH woman has not yet won her fight for equal suffrage, her influence in the politics of a club exclusively for men has lately been demonstrated. A contest for the office of president in a New York club was decided by a letter written by a woman. There were two candidates for the place; one a clerk in a New York financial institution, whose young wife had been a working girl, the other a wealthy manufacturer, with a reputation among his neighbors for "closeness."

The day before the election each member of the little club received a typewritten letter, signed by a woman whom all knew, which began with these words:

"If what I write you is not true, it is libel."

Then she said the club should not honor its "meanest man," and related some amusing incidents to demonstrate that she was not mistaken in her estimate of the man.

In closing she wrote: "What do you think of a man who has his barn painted and says to his wife: 'That's your birthday present.' If you can afford to elect that kind of a man for your president, go ahead!" The alleged "meanest man" was defeated.

WU TING-FANG, the Chinese ambassador, said modestly at a dinner in Newport: "I am aware that the honors heaped upon me are due to my exalted office, not to my humble self. It is my office, it is not I, that gains and merits your consideration. Yet this is a mortifying truth of a kind that all of us—ambassadors or no—are apt to forget. May such a truth never be recalled to our memory with the harsh shock that came to a Rhode Island farmer who won a blue ribbon at a Woonsocket stock show with a fat hog—a 1250-pound hog."

"Get my name right," he said, excitedly, to the reporters, with their pencils and yellow paper, who crowded round him at awarding time. "Get my name right, boys. It's Hiram Y. Doolittle, son of the late General Augustus Anderson Doolittle of St. Joseph, who settled in Rhode Island in the year—"

"Oh, never mind all that," the oldest reporter interrupted. "Give us the pedigree of the hog!"

THERE is a son of Erin in an Eastern town, who is quite a character. He has a number of children and was asked one day how long he had been married.

"Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty, and Norah thirty-five, that makes sixty-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"

ONCE Sir Henry Irving while playing "Macbeth" in London was somewhat disconcerted by one of the "gallery gods." He had reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board.

"Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed Irving in his most tragic tones and with a convulsive shudder sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face.

Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's all right now, 'Enery, 'e's gone!"

THE head of an English firm recently called to his office one of the travellers.

"I want to ask you," he said "about your expenses account. Please don't think I am making a complaint: I am only mystified and curious. Here are several bills for luncheon on railway dining cars. They are quite plain in all except one item. I see: Luncheon 2s 6d, whisky 6d, minerals 6d, coffee 3d, and then—and this is what puzzles me—empty baby 2d. Every time you take luncheon on a railway train you appear to have an 'empty baby' for two pence. You must have quite a large family of them by this time."

The traveller laughed as he gave his very simple explanation. It has become the fashion for whisky firms to sell tiny bottles of spirits containing sufficient for what is called "a stiff glass." These little bottles are called "baby bottles." The traveller, as he explained, took only "half a baby" with his lunch and carried the other half away for subsequent refreshment, but every time he did this the dining car attendant charged twopence on the bottle—hence the rather puzzling item on the bill. It was only because "the baby" was half empty that he paid for it.

DR. MACNAMARA, M.P., has the Irishman's quick turn of the tongue, which at times stands him in good stead politically. At a recent election meeting he was tackled by a woman, who inquired: "Are you in favor of repealing the blasphemy laws?"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "I'm a golfer!"

"Would you give every woman a vote?" asked another.

"Every woman should have either a vote or a voter," said Dr. Macnamara, "Which do you prefer?"

THE doctor of a Scottish village is a bit of a wag, and is very fond of bantering encounters with certain local "characters," contests in which the doctor often comes off second best. The other day when going the round of his patients, he chanced to pass a nook near the churchyard where old Jamie, the stonecutter, was busy at work among a number of gravestones.

"Ah, Jamie," said the doctor, after interchanging a word or two about the state of the weather (during which he noticed that one or two of Jamie's stones were apparently finished, so far as modelling was concerned, but having nothing in the way of inscription, except the heading ("In memory of"); "I suppose you finish your gravestones as far as that heading, 'In memory,' and then wait for someone to die before you go on?"

"Weel, I dae that whiles," replied the stonecutter, "but sometimes gin a body's aillin' and you happen to be attendin' on them there's nae occasion to wait—I jist gang right on."

EFFIE, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday. She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father.

"Papa," she began, seriously, "does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.

"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Effie.

WILLIAM HUGGINS was angry, and he certainly appeared to have some justification for wrath.

"Liza," he expostulated, "don't I always tell you I won't 've the kids bringin' in the coals from the shed in my best 'at? It ain't nice, 'Liza!'"

His wife replied coldly: "Just listen to reason, if you please, Bill. You have spoilt the shape of that hat with your funny head, and as you're working coal all day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal dust in your hat matter?"

"You don't see the point, 'Liza," said William, with dignity. "I only wear that 'at in the heavenin's, an' if while I'm hout, I takes it horf my head, it leaves a black band round my forrid. Wot's the consequence? Why, I gits accused o' washin' my face with my 'at on. And it ain't nice, 'Liza."



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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE HON. J. P. WHITNEY, Premier of Ontario, and Mrs. Whitney, are being accommodated with a suite in the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, for the Tercentenary celebration. They will be accompanied by their two pretty daughters, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Norah Whitney.

The Marchioness of Donegal is one of the distinguished visitors expected in Quebec for the Tercentenary, and will stay at the Chateau Frontenac.

Mrs. Campbell Renton and her sister Miss Cawthra, of Guiseley House, Rosedale, sailed from Montreal for the Virginian this week for England, where they will be joined in the autumn by Mrs. Cawthra.

Mrs. Andrew Smith, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, is enjoying the lake breezes for a few weeks at Niagara, where she is a guest at the Queen's Royal.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Christie have returned from abroad and gone to St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, for the summer. They are accompanied by their children, including the son, who has been at Upper Canada College during their absence.

Some Torontonians at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are—Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, Mr. and Mrs. George Hargraft, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. Plunkett Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Monro, Mr. Turner, Mr. King, Mr. MacMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Stewart, Mr. Hurst, Mr. Lightbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Newton, Mr. Fred. Treble, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, Mrs. Swabey, Mr. and Mrs. English, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholme, Mr. and Mrs. Crombie, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Ball, Mr. Brandam, Dr. Clark, Mr. John Bain.

Mrs. King, of Grange Road, was the hostess of a small verandah tea on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Willie Baines has returned from British Columbia and is again the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Allan Baines until she leaves for the States early in August and will sail for England at the end of the month. Mrs. Baines has spent the past year in Canada and has been greatly entertained by her many old friends.

Mr. Charles S. Wright, son of Mr. Alfred Wright, 60 Crescent Road, is a young Canadian making his mark at Cambridge, having just won the Wolaston Scholarship, which is valued at one hundred and twenty pounds a year for two years. Mr. Wright also distinguished himself at Toronto University by winning the 1851 Scholarship of seven hundred and fifty dollars for three years.

Sir Charles Moss and his family have gone to "Echo Cottage," Orchard Beach, for the summer. Lady Edgar, Miss and Mr. Edgar are at Roach's Point, also Mr. Kilgour, Mr. A. F. Maclean and Mr. Jack Howard. Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Sheppard have opened their summer cottage, Bayview Villa, this week and are accompanied by Miss Olive Sheppard.

At the garden party given at Marlborough House recently by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Mills were among those who had the honor of being presented to the King and Queen.

Mrs. Bryson Osborne and her sons are at Beaverton. Mrs. Meek returned from there a few days ago.

Mrs. Daniel Manning, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury during the late President Cleveland's Administration, is at the Arlington, Cobourg, for the summer. Mrs. Manning was lady commissioner from the State of New York to the Paris Exposition, and president of the Board of Lady Managers of the St. Louis Exposition. She had the honor conferred upon her of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

Torontonians who paid short visits to Cobourg recently were:—Mrs. Schoenberger, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mr. George E. Gooderham, Mr. Davidson Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, Mr. David Dick, Mrs. E. W. B. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Jack MacKellar and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Suydam.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis, of Detroit, are visiting Mrs. Percy Jarvis at her cottage, Petit Cote Lodge, Rosebank.

Miss Edith Holland is visiting in Cobourg, where she is having a lovely time. Miss Blanche Miles is another popular girl, out of town just now, she having gone to Jackson's Point to stay with her friend, Miss Lorna Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hodge, of Streetsville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Anne, to Mr. Alfred Ennis Runner, Columbus, Ohio. The marriage will take place in St. Margaret's church, Toronto, on Wednesday, July 22nd.

The marriage of Miss Daisy Smallpiece to Mr. Charles Henry Robertson takes place quietly next Wednesday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece.

Miss Aileen Robertson is staying with Mrs. Schoenberger at Cobourg.

Major Michie is accompanying the 48th Highlanders to Quebec next week.

Torontonians at The Minnicoganashene are: Mr. R. C. Davison, Mr. A. R. Riches, Mr. C. H. Edwards, Mr. A. D. Langmuir, Mr. D. H. Lockhart Gordon, Miss E. Lockhart Gordon, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Miss E. Spohn, Miss Gretchen Spohn, Miss Enid Wornum, Miss Marion McCullum, Mrs. Waldie, Mrs. Norman Seagram, Mr. G. E. Spragge, Mr. C. P. Waldie, Mr. F. N. Waldie, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chillas.

Lady Thompson is spending the summer at her cottage near the Royal Muskoka. Mr. Dymont, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Croft and Mr. Maclean are also at their summer places on Lake Rosseau. Dr. Hay, Dr. Maclean and Mr. Thompson are staying in the vicinity of Villa

Sandfield. Chancellor Burwash is the guest of Mrs. Timothy Eaton at her Muskoka home, Raven's Crag, this week, also Mrs. Burde. Mr. and Mrs. Slattery, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth and Mr. Lorne Flawes are among those at Jackson's Point, and Miss Gladys Huestis was up there last week on a visit to Miss Aileen Kemp. Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney have taken a large place there for the summer.

Mrs. Van Straubensee is in Quebec with Mrs. Walker Bell and Mrs. James Fraser Macdonald, having left her little son with Mrs. Case during her absence. Mr. Case is staying at the Hunt Club for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie are at Scarborough Beach, Maine.

The Women's Political Club held a picnic at High Park this afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. Thistle have returned from a visit to Mrs. Lay.

Among the Toronto people at the Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau are—Capt. and Mrs. Parkyn Murray, Mr. and Mrs. M. Blain Gash, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gouinlock, Mr. A. E. Rowland, Mr. Hugh Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macdonald, Mrs. Mark Howard Irish, Mrs. D. Worts Smart and her sister, Miss Mabel Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Glascoe, Miss Stark, Mr. Z. S. Ryerson, Miss L. Camden, Dr. and Mrs. George D. Porter, Mrs. Charles Stark and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mowat.

Major and Mrs. Murray are at their summer home at Balmy Beach. Mr. and Mrs. J. Allan Murray have taken a house at 195 Cottingham street.

Mrs. R. J. MacKay, from Hamilton, spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Burden, of Ross street, have removed to their summer home at Roach's Point, where they are entertaining small parties at the week's end.

Miss Naomi Harris and Miss Violet Roberts left on the 7th of July for Banff, to visit the sister of the latter, Mrs. Henry McVity. Before returning home, in September, they will visit Victoria and Vancouver and places of interest en route.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur A. Wilson to Miss Lucie Ruttan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ruttan, Port Arthur, will take place very quietly on August 4.

Mrs. James B. O'Brien, Mr. Kenneth O'Brien, Miss Madeline O'Brien and Miss Campbell sailed on Friday, July 10, by the Empress of Britain, for England, en route to France, where they will remain until the autumn. Mr. O'Brien accompanied them as far as Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jackson announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Anna Beatrice, to Mr. Frank B. Poucher. The marriage will take place quietly late in August.

Mr. Charles E. B. Smith, of the Confederation Life Insurance Company, and his family are summering at Niagara-on-the-Lake; also Dr. and Mrs. Harley Smith, who have a cottage at Strathcona.

Mrs. Ashton Fletcher left this week to join her little son at Green Acres on the coast of Maine, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. E. E. Worthington and her daughter, Zillah, are at The Penetanguishene, on the Georgian Bay.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilkinson, Sherbourne street, have left for Halifax. While away Dr. Wilkinson will attend the convention of the Maritime Dental Association, at Truro.

Mrs. Murby and Miss Babe Murby, 56 Howland avenue, accompanied by Mrs. C. B. Carter, Montreal, who has been visiting the latter for the past month, have left for their summer cottage, Kimberley Point, Bala, Muskoka.

Mrs. James Weller and her son are spending two months with Mrs. Weller's mother, Mrs. Murby, at Bala, Muskoka.



THE BULLYON-BOUNDERMERES AT ASCOT.

Mrs. B.-B.: "I despair of you, Joseph. Think of your refusing to back the Duke's horse, and telling the dear Duchess that you'd put your money on a horrid outsider owned by another outsider."

Mr. B.-B.: "Sorry, my dear. But I'd a tip from a pal in the know, and, after all, I won my money."

Mrs. B.-B.: "That's no use to us. Far better have lost in good company."—Punch.

DURING JULY AND AUGUST WE CLOSE DAILY AT 5 P.M., SATURDAYS AT 1 P.M.

Our July Sale of Linens

Our July linen sale of 1908 has, up to the present time, been an unparalleled success through the potent influences of low priced offerings of high grade linens. We are determined to keep up to our established record and to surpass it if possible, and in order to accomplish this for the balance of the month we have made extra special prices for many attractive lines which are commended for quality and irresistible values.

Hemstitched linen sheets, 98 pairs only, in sizes 72 by 97, 80 by 90, 80 by 108, and 90 by 97 inches, hand drawn and neatly hemstitched at top, hemmed at foot for single, three-quarter and double bed size; all pure linen, fully bleached, with two patterns of drawn work, double spoke stitch and a wider pattern of drawn work, regular up to \$9.00 a pair; special while they last \$4.95

Hemstitched linen pillow cases, 150 pairs only, made to match patterns of drawn work in sheets, all beautiful pure linen goods, sizes 22 1-2 by 36, and 25 by 36 inches, regular \$1.75 to \$2.25 a pair; our special price to clear \$1.30

125 dozen hemstitched huckaback towels in sizes, 20 by 38, 22 by 42 inches, all made from pure Irish linen with hemstitched ends, very reliable goods that we know will give perfect satisfaction, worth at least \$3.00 to \$3.50 a dozen; Monday special \$2.50

100 fine Irish huck and diaper towels, scalloped ends and with embroidered medallions for initial and monogram, very exclusive and reliable styles; an opportunity for the housekeeper to save money; regular up to \$3.50 each; Monday special \$1.75

We have an extra special lot of bath towels, comprising all white and white with red borders, all nice large Turkish towels, they are deliciously soft and absorbent, some are fringed, some hemmed and others hemstitched; sizes 22 by 43, and 27 by 53 inches, values from 50 to 75 cents each, special July price, each \$0.35

W. A. Murray & Co. 17th St. King St. East, Toronto

GRASS WIDOWERS

During the Summer months Toronto possesses many professional, business, and other men, whose wives and families leave them to the cheerless empty house. We certainly sympathize with you, and assure you that Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths is the place where an enjoyable evening can be spent by taking a bath in this luxurious establishment; a dainty supper afterwards—then for a delicious sleep—in the morning a bracing cold shower and a swim in the marble swimming bath. You are then ready for a tasty breakfast, returning to your office feeling a new man. Try it once, you will repeat it often.

COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS, 202 and 204 King St. West, - TORONTO

SIR ROBERT Burnett's GIN
"Is for sale everywhere."

QUEBEC'S TERCENTENARY
The Greatest Historical, Naval and Military Event ever held in America
JULY 19th TO 31st
Special low fares by
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE ONLY THROUGH LINE INTO QUEBEC CITY

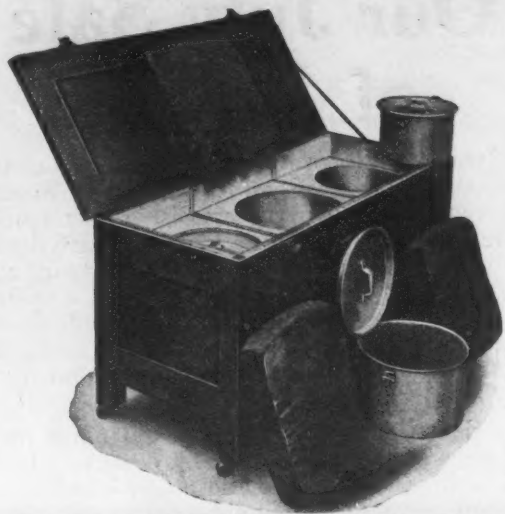
We provide Supplies to Families, Campers and Sportsmen throughout Muskoka and Northern Ontario.

TO FAMILIES desiring to secure Cottages at Muskoka we offer information as to several that have been reported to us for rent this season.

TO CAMPERS we furnish the Provisions, Tents, Utensils, Blankets and General Camp Outfit. We also have specially prepared charts of 30 canoe trips in Ontario.

Michie & Co., Ltd. - 7 KING STREET WEST TORONTO

Take this Chatham Cooker direct from maker—FREE trial



"Have a Happy Kitchen!"

Adopt the Chatham Cooker—the German Heinzmannchen—the Magic Kitchen Helper

THE cookery experts, the magazines, have been telling of the value The Chatham Cooker has—how it cuts down fuel-bills 75 per cent.—how it does away with almost all the work of cooking—banishes the drudgery—needs no watching—produces better-cooked meals. Try it now in your own home—test it at our expense.

THE WOMAN WHO DOES HER OWN COOKING

SHE will find that a Chatham Cooker sets her free to sew or read or visit for whole hours that she now must spend simply WATCHING the meals cook. And the Cooker's meals will be BETTER meals. The woman who "lighthousekeeps" specially does need the Chatham Cooker because it not only saves so greatly in fuel, but it does away with cookery smells and steams. With it, one could get dinner in a parlor and visitors would never know cooking was going on. No other way cooks cereals so perfectly; no other way cooks beans so deliciously.

You know the trouble it is to boil corned beef, tongue, ham, oatmeal or cabbage the usual way? With the Chatham Cooker five to thirty minutes boiling on the stove is all that you need—the Cooker does the rest without fuel, without watching, without smell or steam and the food comes to the table far more delicious, more tender.

John McClary, Head of the McClary Co., the famous makers of Stoves, writes:—"It is all you claim for it. In boiling ham and corned beef with the Fireless Cooker, the flavor is found to be much superior than obtained in the ordinary method of boiling, apparently retaining all the juices and substance of the meat."

The MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Limited
Colborne Street, CHATHAM, ONTARIO

FOR CAMPERS This Cooker rids summer days of cookery heat—sets the **AND COTTAGERS** cook free from 75% of the toil—helps solve the "servant problem"—makes the summer home, or the camp a pleasant place, and the meals will be better cooked besides. Send for the free book.

TORONTO AGENTS: A. WELCH & SON, 304 QUEEN ST. W.

SOCIETY

ON Thursday afternoon a tea was given at the Galt Club House in honor of Mrs. Ostrander, of Philadelphia, who won the cup in the last semi-weekly tournament. Mr. E. C. Glasco, of Toronto, won the man's prize, receiving a box of golf balls.

The Royal Muskoka Hotel, Lake Rosseau, is rapidly filling up with guests who arrive on every boat. Fishing is exceptionally good this season and the Indian guides are busy arranging for the numerous parties each day. The last week has been one of the gayest at the Royal, and the Wednesday and Saturday night hops were well attended. Several yachts brought parties from Rosseau and Lake Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Wort Smart, of Toronto, arrived last Monday and have engaged rooms for the season. Mr. Smart has already had unusually good luck fishing, on Wednesday going out trolling with Peter, the Indian guide, and furnishing many of the guests with a fine lake trout for dinner. With her sister, Mrs. Smart, is charming Miss Mabel Lennox, of Toronto.

Mrs. Mark Howard Irish arrived on Friday and will spend the season at the Royal Muskoka.

Bridge is much in vogue this season at the Royal, and the sun parlor is filled each day with guests deeply interested in this fascinating game.

Lady Murray, from Cargilfield, near Edinburgh, Scotland, has taken up her residence at the Royal Muskoka, and intends to enjoy the pleasures at this beautiful resort for the balance of the season. Her two youngest sons, who are at the present time attending college in England, will arrive later with their tutor, and it is their intention to camp on the Royal Muskoka island during the season while their tutor instructs them in natural history. Lady Murray is accompanied by her two younger daughters, who are quite popular with the younger set and have shown a great deal of ability at tennis.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Elder Adams and Mr. Purser Adams, of New York, have returned from their trip into Temagami and will remain the season at the Royal Muskoka. Mr. Adams can certainly tell some big fish stories.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. MacDonnell, of Lakewood, N. J., are also registered for the season. Mrs. MacDonnell is an ardent admirer of nature, and each day takes a great deal of pleasure studying the various forms

of plant life which abound on the island. Their son, Mr. F. C. MacDonnell, takes trips with an Indian guide daily and asks nothing better than that he be allowed to take a lunch basket and go out for the whole day fishing and exploring the island with his guide.

Miss Camden, of Toronto, seems to afford the same attraction for the inhabitants of the lake as the land, for her luck fishing is almost phenomenal. Her first morning's catch caused quite a furore among the guests and she was busy dodging the camera enthusiasts, but finally allowed herself to be photographed, and, with her fish, made a very pretty picture.

Mr. F. J. Phillips, Miss Phillips, the Misses Lottie, Trixie and Lois and Mr. W. J. Phillips, gave a very pleasant dinner party at the Royal on Saturday night and enjoyed the jolly dance in the rotunda.

Dr. and Mrs. George P. Porter are at their cottage opposite the Royal Muskoka. The doctor has taken up golf in earnest this season and is one of the keenest players on the links.

Other Torontonians who registered at the Royal Muskoka this week are: Messrs. L. S. Ryerson, J. J. Brignall, C. B. Foster, J. D. McDonald, S. T. Heyes, E. J. Johnson, C. M. Stewart, Major Hugh MacLean, C. E. Stark, Miss Hurrall, Mr. E. M. Richards, Mrs. M. Stark and Mr. H. Anderson.

News of Muskoka Lakes.

LAKE ROSSEAU.
ONCE more the tranquility of the Muskoka Lakes is broken by the whistles of the steamboats and the noise of the gasoline launches. The cottages, which a few weeks ago were uninhabited, are now occupied, and the forsaken look has given way to a scene of brightness and activity. The different hotel proprietors express the opinion that this promises to be one of the busiest seasons on record.

Some people are under the impression that the Muskoka lakes are not teeming with fish, as represented by the various pamphlets issued by the different transportation companies. But if they will visit the Royal Muskoka they may have this opinion dispelled. I was introduced to Mr. Bowman, of Ridgeway, Pa., who informed me that he had landed a beautiful trout weighing 30 lbs. "Tich-na-Braich," Mr. S. F. McKinnon's pretty summer home, is again occupied by the family.

Dr. Oldright is again in his cottage on what is commonly called Toronto Island, on account of the number of Torontonians who go there annually. Some others on the island are: Mr. S. Crane, Mr. J. J. Crabbe, Mr. A. Bolland, Mr. J. A. Hill, Mr. J. H. Westman, Rev. L. W. Hill, Mr. Miles Vokes, Mr. J. Carey, Dr. A. D. Watson. "Point Falthie" is owned by Col. J. R. Moodie, of Hamilton, and is situated at the junction of the Indian river and Lake Rosseau. Those staying at Point Falthie (Welcome) are: Colonel and Mrs. Moodie, Miss Irene Moodie, Mrs. Folds, Miss E. Folds and Mr. S. Folds, of Rochester, N. Y.

Among those having summer homes in the vicinity of the Royal Muskoka Hotel are: Lady Thompson, Mr. Hugh McLean and Mr. H. F. Lee, of Toronto; Mr. Croft, Mr. Dymont and Mr. Osborne.

Arrivals at the Royal Muskoka are: Mr. and Mrs. Holden, Miss L. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Villanier and the Misses Emma, Louise, Blanche and Mabelle Villanier, Mr. W. E. Norman, Mr. G. T. Bell, Miss E. J. Fuller, Miss C. M. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Hamby, Miss G. D. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. S. Mills, Mr. W. P. Bowman, Mr. E. A. Wilson, Miss M. Wilson, Mr. C. A. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. MacDonnell, Mr. Thos. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mr. E. Cash, Miss A. Cash, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Irene Hale.

WINDERMERE.

Ravenscrag, Mrs. Timothy Eaton's magnificent summer home, is again occupied. The beautiful steamer Wando II. is seen daily tripping around the different lakes. Recent guests at the cottage have been: Mrs. J. Eaton, Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria College, Mrs. Burden and family.

Governor Miller, of Indiana, is at "Pine Cliff" with his family.

Mr. J. Frank, of Pittsburgh, is in "Llanllar," the summer residence of Rev. Elmore Harris, of Toronto.

"Kringla," owned by Mr. Cringan, of Toronto, is again harboring his family for the leisure months.

PORT SANDFIELD.

Among the Toronto guests recent-

ly at Port Sandfield were: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Armstrong, Mrs. Thos. Crawford, Miss Olive Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Fidler, Mrs. Thos. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Chardon, Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. C. F. Wheaton, Mr. J. J. Brignall, Mrs. Hoyle, Mr. N. C. Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Monkman.

Mr. G. T. Dake, and family, of Cleveland, have taken a cottage for the summer on Lake Joseph.

Mr. H. D. Wilson and family, are in the vicinity of Port Sandfield.

Dr. Hay, of Toronto, is once more enjoying a well-earned rest and taking his usual summer excursions in his new gasoline launch.

Dr. McLaren, of Toronto, owns a pretty cottage near Port Sandfield on Lake Joseph.

BALA.

The first annual regatta and waterfest for cottagers was held here on Monday off Roselawn Lodge, on the Musquash river. The feature of the novice canoe race was the work of Mrs. Foreman Sloan, of St. Louis. She paddled in circles at the start till the race was near over, and then stayed the rest of the afternoon at the turn buoy. Miss Grieve, of Toronto, won. Miss Millie Hazlett, of Niagara Falls, and Miss Grace Brickenden, of Toronto, won the doubles rowboat event.

Miss Edith Burgess won the canoe race for girls not engaged.

Miss Hazlett and Mr. Alan Brickenden finished booby in the canoe doubles, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Harris winning.

Mr. A. V. White, of Toronto, was coaxed to enter in the rowboat singles, and he romped home first, beating several strong scullers, including "Tott" Burgess.

The war rowboat race was won by Mr. and Mrs. Harris and Mr. and Miss Brickenden.

Mr. Albert Herdt, of Pittsburg, Pa., won the log race for men, and Miss Hazlett won the race for women.

Big Chief Sloan presided at the camp fire in the evening and distributed the prizes to braves and squaws.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.

LIVINGSTON—At Toronto Junction, July 5, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Livingston, a daughter.

HALLE—At Oakville, Ont., July 7, to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Halle, a daughter.

STARR—In Toronto, July 11, to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. L. Starr, a son.

CATTO—In Toronto July 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Catto, a son.

BEATON—In Toronto, July 14, to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Beaton, a daughter.

WILSON—At Cannington, Ont., July 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wilson, a daughter.

ROGERSON—At Toronto, on Thursday, July 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rogerson, a son.

ROAF—At Wilkes Barre, Pa., on the 5th of May, 1908 to Mr. and Mrs. J. Richardson Roaf of Fernie, B. C., a son.

MARRIAGES.

ROAF-HERDMAN—On July 7, at the ancient chapel of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, by the Rev. C. Craddock, Herbert Eldon, younger son of James R. Roaf of Toronto, to Beatrice Sophie, eldest daughter of W. A. Herdman, of Croxteth Lodge.

DOHERTY-WOLFE—At Brantford, July 8, by Rev. W. H. Harvey, B.A., Mabel Irene, only daughter of Mr. Chas. F. Wolfe, to Mr. H. Doherty, M.D., of Toronto.

MONTIZAMBERT-GRAHAM—In Toronto, July 8, Eva D., daughter of T. J. Graham, Esq., Byng Inlet, to Guy C. P. Montizambert, C.E.

SEDGWICK-ROBERTSON—In Quebec July 9, Mary Stanley, daughter of Wm. Robertson, Esq., of Halifax, to George Herbert Sedgewick, barrister-at-law, Toronto.

HUGHES - HUTCHINSON—At Shanty Bay, July 7, Ruby Blanch, daughter of R. B. Hutchinson, Esq., of Toronto, to Henry Challenger Hughes, son of the late Rev. Canon H. Bascom Hughes, of Hamilton, Bermuda.

DEATHS.

BALDWIN—In Toronto, July 15, Rev. Canon Arthur A. Baldwin, M.A., Oxen, rector of All Saints' church, in his 68th year.

STONE—At Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., July 11, Lovina Hall Johnson, widow of the late Rev. S. G. Stone, D.D., in her 67th year.

MUSSON—In Kansas City, July 9, Henry W. Musson, formerly of Toronto, aged 79 years.

BROWN—At Woodstock, Ont., July 9, Homer Pratt Brown, late County Treasurer in his 87th year.

YOUNG MEN

should build up their health as they build up their fortunes. Hard work and Abbey's Salt mean a prosperous and youthful old age.

Abbey's Salt
Effervescent
35c and 60c a bottle.

A gentleman who purchased a Bell Autonola less than a year ago has just told us that in musical education for his young family he had already had service equal to the value of the instrument. He added: "Before getting our player-piano my children scarcely realized the difference between a rag-time horror and a classical masterpiece; now they appreciate and enjoy the very best music, playing it for themselves, although none of them can play by hand."

The Autonola

is TWO PIANOS IN ONE, for it can be played with the aid of music-roll and treadles as well as by hand in the usual way. It is here for your inspection.

BELL PIANO WAREHOUSES
148 Yonge Street

MOSQUITO



ANTITOXINE
BLACK FLY GERMICIDE
AND
POISON IVY CURE

Stop Scratching and Enjoy your Summer Evenings.
100 per cent. of Joy Added to Your Holidays.

"Get an Outfit" before leaving Toronto or write immediately for same. No campers' outfit is complete without a supply of Mosquito Antitoxine and a pound bottle of our more powerful germicide for Black Flies and Biting Insects. Price for Mosquito Antitoxine, Outfit, including:

(a) Special Atomizer.
(b) Liquid Antitoxine, 3 ounces, for spraying upon exposed surfaces of body.
(c) The Antitoxine reduced to a cream, for use upon unexposed parts of body, 3 ounces.

(d) The Antitoxine reduced to a powder in a jammed container for use in bedrooms, living rooms, verandahs or lavatories.

Full directions accompany "Outfit." Price, complete, \$3.00.

"Our Liquid Germicide" for Black Flies and the more vicious of stinging insects is sold only in pound tins. Price also \$3.00. It will not cure, but will prevent stinging insects from biting. It is unquestionably the most reliable preparation for this purpose on the market. It can be used in special atomizer if the Mosquito Outfit is ordered with Germicide. In this way a supply can be carried by fishermen or hunters in the pocket. Full instructions accompany order.

The third positively reliable cure we carry is for Poison Ivy (Rhus Toxicodendron). It will not prevent, but will cure. Write us for particulars.

Price for Mosquito Antitoxine Outfit, complete \$3.00
Liquid Germicide for Black Flies, etc., one pound \$3.00

REPEAT ORDERS.
Liquid Mosquito Antitoxine, 4 oz. \$1.00
Mosquito Antitoxine Cream, 3 oz. \$1.00
Mosquito Antitoxine Powder, 3 oz. \$1.00
Liquid Germicide, one pound \$3.00

Sent by express to any part of Canada or United States.
Extra postage for abroad according to tariff. Send order accompanied by postal note, postal order or registered letter direct to head office of the

MOSQUITO ANTITOXINE CO.
91 CHURCH STREET,
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Matured in wood and mellowed by age.

Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky

is, because of its delicacy and mildness, recommended by leading physicians to patients of tender constitution.

At all leading hotels

Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto
Ottawa Wine Vault Co., Ottawa
and retailed in Toronto by
THE WM. MARA CO.
D. Campbell McIver, Toronto, Special Representative to Canada.

SAYS the London Daily News: In a little shop near Clement's Inn there lives a veteran hat maker of 82 summers who hopes that the day of the top hat will come again this year.

Piled against the panes of the window fronting Houghton street are rows of silk hats of varying shapes and degrees of glossiness. In front two handbills, bearing the imprint of an old time printer of Boulevard street, announce that Christopher Clarke has for sale a variety of silk hats, ranging in price from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. each. On a circular board hung over the door it is stated that silk hats may be "hired for weddings and funerals."

"Trade is nothing like what it was" he confided yesterday to a member

of our staff, "and orders for silk hats are not nearly so plentiful as they were when I started in the business in 1834. A good hat doesn't wear out every day, and it can be remade quite equal to new."

The lending of hats, he added, is not a very important or lucrative branch of the business, and it was only adopted three or four years ago to assist in retaining some of the trade that was slipping away. One shilling per day is charged for the loan of a smart up-to-date hat for use at a wedding or other social function.

"On the Hill," as it is called, is rapidly becoming a fashionable residential district. One of the healthiest districts, home-seekers are not slow in showing their appreciation

of such a desirable suburb. Houses are going up in all directions and vacant lots are being eagerly picked up for both building and speculative purposes. S. T. Sutton & Co., 154 King street west, the well-known real estate firm, are making a specialty of this district and have a choice list of residences and lots for sale. Anyone wanting to buy either house or lot would be cheerfully furnished with all information upon application.

\$11.00 ATLANTIC CITY AND RETURN

From Suspension Bridge via Leftish Valley Railroad, August 7th. Particulars 54 King Street East, Toronto.

Society at the Capital

WITH the members of the viceregal household in temporary residence in Quebec, and nearly everyone of any consequence in the gay world who can manage it having vacated the hot city for cooler quarters, the Capital has assumed its usual summer aspect and very little is going on socially. It will be still quieter by the end of the week, when Parliament is expected to close and thus liberate many who have been compelled to remain, through their various duties, much longer than they desired in the torrid atmosphere of the city. It is rumored that prorogation will take place on Saturday, the 18th, immediately after which there will be a general exodus to Quebec of a large number of those who have been devoting their time and energies to our country's good.

AMONG those who left the Capital during the past week were: Lt.-Col. J. Lyons Biggar, who has gone to Quebec in connection with his part in the Tercentenary celebration, and who will be joined later this week by Mrs. Biggar; Col. and Mrs. D. T. Irwin, who have also gone to Quebec to stay with relatives and take part in the festivities prior to their summer sojourn at Kennebunk Beach; Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, who is taking a short holiday with friends in Dorval previous to going to the Ancient City; Mrs. (Col.) Toller, who is paying her daughter, Mrs. Fred. Markey, a short visit in Montreal; Miss Gladys Carling, who left on Thursday to spend some time at Metis and other points in the Lower St. Lawrence with her various friends. Mrs. Frank Oliver and Miss Anna Oliver spent the week in Toronto, returning on Saturday and will later go to Quebec, where the Minister of the Interior has taken a suite of rooms at the Chateau Frontenac for the period of the festivities. Mrs. E. C. Grant and family are spending the warm weather in St. Andrews, N.B., which is a favorite summer resort with Ottawans.

MANY who are not fortunate enough to be able to get away for an extended holiday during the heated term enjoy the hospitality of the various Ottawans who are summering up the Gatineau and are easily get-at-able. Of all the many pretty spots in the Laurentian Hills, Blue Sea Lake is perhaps the most attractive, and is certainly the most popular, the air there being almost equal, in the opinion of the medical fraternity, to that of the Adirondacks. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, who have a very desirable home there, entertain a jolly house-party every week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming and Miss Muriel Burrows spent several days last week with them, and Mrs. Louis K. Jones and her younger daughter, Miss Marjorie, were with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones, who have comfortable summer quarters at the same lovely spot. Miss Ethel Perley is also a visitor at Blue Sea Lake, and is with Mrs. Horace Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer are settled in their cottage there, and will have Miss Elsie Keefer, of Toronto, with them for the month of August. The Misses Tomlinson and Mr. Alfred Tomlinson, of Westmount, Montreal, are with Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Slater, who are among the colony of Ottawa cottagers, and Mrs. W. Foster Wilson, Mrs. Slater's daughter, is spending the warm weather with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott expect to go to Quebec next week for a short time. The family of the late Judge Burbidge, who usually summer at Blue Sea Lake, are not occupying their cottage this year, and Col. Sherwood has sold his to Mr. H. B. Spencer, who is now enjoying its advantages. Mrs. Sherwood and family have gone to St. Patrick's. Mrs. Dale-Harriss, with her young people, are thoroughly enjoying the cool breezes and abandon of Blue Sea Lake in their prettily situated cottage, and, with so many of the younger set available, there are no end of boating parties, picnics and swimming parties going on all the time, the latter being especially popular this year. Mrs. Dale-Harriss was the hostess of one of these last Wednesday, when, after having a glorious time in the waters of the lake, and exhibiting their prowess in the art of swimming, the guests did ample justice to a "high tea," which was arranged on a large table on the spacious verandah of the hostess's ideal cottage.

NEWS has come to the Capital of the great success in the musical world of Miss Lillian Gibbs, daughter of Mr. Charles F. Gibbs, Accountant of the Senate. Miss

Gibbs, who is now known as Miss Marie Ricardi, went to England a couple of years ago, and has been on the continent having her voice trained by the best vocalists. On June 27 she scored a great success in concert at Bechstein Hall in London, and will appear again at Aeolian Hall, London, on July 14. London critics speak very highly of her voice, which is a clear soprano, and predict a brilliant future for her.

HON. N. A. BELCOURT has this year completed a handsome summer residence at Blue Sea, and, with Mrs. Belcourt and their family, moved out there last week.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, July 13, 1908.

The Spooners

TOGETHER we sat in a tete-a-tete, The prettiest girl and I. The light was out and the hour was late, For time, you know, will fly! By Jove, How rapidly time will fly!

Together we sat in the welcome gloom, Alone, unheard, unseen, Though her mother was in the other room With a thin portiere between.

I knew that the mother in ambush lay— As mothers do, it seems— To carry the prettiest girl away, Away to the land of dreams. By Jove! To the wonderful land of dreams.

But the cherry-like lips of the pretty miss, Alas, were a tempting sight, And I ventured to beg for a tiny kiss— Just one, before "Good night."

But the prettiest girl resented that. In a way I'd never dreamed, For she airily sprang from where we sat And, what do you think? She screamed! By Jove! She certainly did—she screamed!

I caught the coquette in my arms— Alack, For such is the way of men!— And gruffly demanded of her a smack And then—and then—and then—

Her mother came cruelly in with a light And—what do you think she said? "Oh, come little lady, kiss daddy good-night." And carried her off to bed, by Jove! And carried the babe to bed!

—The Bohemian Magazine.

A COUNTRY admirer sent the following letter, to Lord Beresford: "My household has been blessed with twins (a boy and girl) this morning. My wife would like to name the girl after the Princess of Wales, and I want to name the boy after you. May we do this? and can you obtain the princess's permission for us to use her names?" The admirer thought that the applicant desired to use the Christian names only, and in due course sent the princess's permission together with his own. He then forgot all about the matter until, one fine morning, he was considerably astonished at receiving another letter from the same man, to this effect: "My Lord—I thought you would like to know that Lord Charles Beresford Brown is thriving, and has cut his first tooth. Princess of Wales Brown had convulsions last week, but is now very much better."

A CHURCH army missionary had a letter recently from a convict begging him to reform the writer's wife, who was also in prison. The convict—who is serving a long term—was very anxious about the matter because, as he said, "it was no credit to him to receive letters from such a place as prison."

Another convict, in the course of a letter to his brother, a pauper, remarked, "Well, Jack, thank goodness I have never sunk so low as the workhouse yet."

Two golfers, one an expert at the game and the other a tyro, were playing a long hole, and the tyro took several strokes to get on the green. It was a large green, and his ball was about sixty yards from the hole, which he managed to "hole out." Turning to his friend, he observed: "There is no doubt my short game is better than my long."

"There is no doubt," answered the expert, "that it is longer."—Harper's Weekly.

Just Like a Man

"I WONDER, James," said Mrs. Meek, doubtfully to her husband one morning, "if you could get your own dinner to-night? You see, I've had to let the servant go on a holiday for a day or two, and they want me desperately at the Woman's Aid and Relief bazaar this evening. It is the last day. If you thought you could manage by yourself—"

"I'll try to survive it," observed Mr. Meek, good-naturedly. "I don't fancy it will prove fatal."

"I'll get a joint and cook it this morning then," went on Mrs. Meek, cheerfully, "and you can have it cold for dinner."

"Thank you!" replied Mr. Meek. "You'll do nothing of the kind. I fancy I haven't gone camping out with the volunteers every year for nothing. I suspect I can prepare a hot dinner as well as most women."

Thus it came about that Mrs. Meek abandoned all idea of preparing Mr. Meek's dinner for him and betook herself to the bazaar. So it resulted, furthermore, that Mr. Meek left his office about four o'clock that afternoon and proceeded to collect on his way home the necessary supplies for a dainty little dinner.

An alluring display of geese was the first thing to catch his eye, and he was just on the point of securing one of them, when, by good luck, or more probably through the natural sagacity of the man, he recollected that, as a rule, you don't cook geese just as they are. In the momentary reaction that followed this feat of memory he bought a couple of mutton chops and three tomatoes.

"I'll have a good, old-fashioned English dinner," he thought. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, a moment later. "I'll have some oyster soup to begin with, and apple pudding to finish."

He was so tickled with this idea that he promptly rushed into a green grocer's and purchased half a peck of their best eating apples, and then hurried home, pausing to order some oysters on the way.

By five o'clock he had the fire going beautifully. By six he was just beginning to enjoy the thing. The tomatoes were stewed divinely; the potatoes were boiled to their heart's content, and the milk for the oyster soup was simmering contentedly on the back of the stove. The oysters had not yet arrived.

"Dear me!" thought the ambitious gentleman. "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I'd have some oyster patties for a sort of grand finale. Hallo, what's this? By thunder, if that woman hasn't left me some cold ham and a custard pie? By Jove! for twopence I'd throw the whole lot out into the back yard."

At half-past six he put the chops in to broil, as in the good old days of yore—this poetic allusion to the style of cooking being occasioned by one of them accidentally dropping into the fire, whence he rescued it with great presence of mind by the joint assistance of the poker and one of the best table napkins.

By the time the chop was thus rescued, both it and the table napkin were fairly well done—to put it mildly. This difficulty he got over by putting the erring chop on the window sill to cool, and the napkin into the fire—to do the other thing. This accomplished, and with one chop gently cooking on the gridiron and the other cooling on the window sill, he started to construct the paste for his apple pudding. This proved most fascinating. He placed a large quantity of flour in a small bowl, emptied a jug of water on top of it, and proceeded to mold it deftly into shape, as he had often seen his wife do. The flour and water promptly forsook the bowl and betook themselves to his hands. Then the milk for the soup began to burn just as the potatoes boiled dry. He rushed to the rescue, and left the greater portion of paste fairly evenly divided between the handles of the two saucepans and the poker. At this juncture the tomatoes started to see if they couldn't surpass the milk in burning. They succeeded. The cat, which was accustomed to a 6.30 dinner, walked off with the chop on the window sill, while the chop on the fire grew beautifully black on the "down side." So many things were now burning at the same time that Mr. Meek gave up hope of trying to discover just which one was burning most.

"Let the blessed things burn till they're sick of it!" was the extremely broadminded way in which he summed up the situation. With the astuteness that characterized him as distinguished from his fellow men, he gave up all effort to track the truant paste, and simply popped his apples into the oven to bake.

It was now about half-past seven,

and the fire was getting hotter than anything else on earth, except, perhaps, Mr. Meek. He turned all the dampers, opened all the doors and took off all the lids. This resulted most satisfactorily. The fire began to cool. It got, if anything, a little low. Then it went out. Mr. Meek rushed for some "fire lighters," and nearly took his head off on a clothesline.

The gentlest of natures when aroused are often the most terrible. He used up enough fire-lighter and paraffine to have ignited the Pyramids of Egypt. He stamped and shoved, and poked and banged, and shook with rage till even the cat—and it had had its dinner—was displeased with him, and departed to the outer kitchen to try the oysters, which the dilatory fishmonger had just deposited on the table without waiting to parley with Mr. Meek.

When, about five minutes later, Mr. Meek discovered that the cat had found the oysters to its taste, he became even less calm. Had the cat been near it is highly probable that a considerable majority of its nine lives would have come to an abrupt termination.

After this stage, to console the unfortunate man, the fire began to go again. In about five minutes the chop that the cat hadn't eaten was especially well done. It could be quite safely left on the window with a whole legion of starving cats around it. Mr. Meek, however, simply left it in the coal scuttle.

Then there came over Mr. Meek's face a terrible expression. He brought in a pail and poured the soup carefully into it; next he scraped the potatoes in the same pail; then he poured the tomatoes on top of the potatoes. It cannot be definitely stated whether or not Mr. Meek in doing this was actuated by the desire to prepare some famous camping dish, relished in the dear old volunteering days; but certain it is, no sooner did he get the tomatoes nicely on top of the potatoes than he took the whole thing and tossed it into the back yard dustbin. This accomplished he proceeded to make a meal off the cold ham and some bread and butter—the cooking butter, of course.

Just as he was finishing Mrs. Meek returned.

"Hello, dear!" cried Mr. Meek calmly. "I've been terribly busy. Detained at the office; only just got home. This is very good ham—a shade overdone, though, isn't it?"

"Perhaps a shade less wouldn't have hurt it. Let me get you a piece of pie."

"No, thank you! No cold pie for me when there's hot apples in the oven. You might get them if you're not too tired."

Mrs. Meek departed on her errand. In a moment she reappeared, and, without moving a muscle, placed the plate and baked apples before her lord and master. They were about the size of walnuts and the color of ebony.

Mr. Meek rose with an awful look in his eye.

"If I ever catch that cat," remarked Mr. Meek, as that feline purled past him, with a playful frisk of his tail, "I'll break every bone in his body."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Camping

MY white-walled castle stands a-gleam, Reflected in the limpid stream, And I, seated in solitude, Am king of river and of wood, My kingdom is the world afar The trees and hills my subjects are.

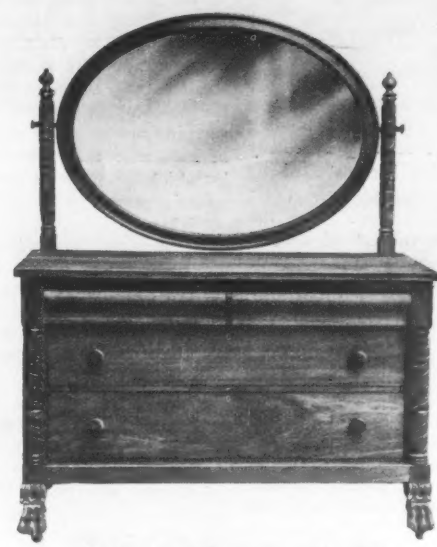
My boat with which to cross the seas Lies idly swaying 'neath the trees; It is the only battleship I need on such a lonely trip. My rod, my only tool of war, Stands close beside my castle door.

Up, up between the trees of green A spiral streak of smoke is seen; It is my campfire burning low, And fading in the afterglow, All sounds of strife have died away, And quiet crowns the close of day.

My white-walled castle is my own, I rule supreme upon the throne, I'm guarded by each tow'ring tree, I own the waters under me. I drink of earth and sea and sky— What worldly king so rich as I? —Joe Cone.

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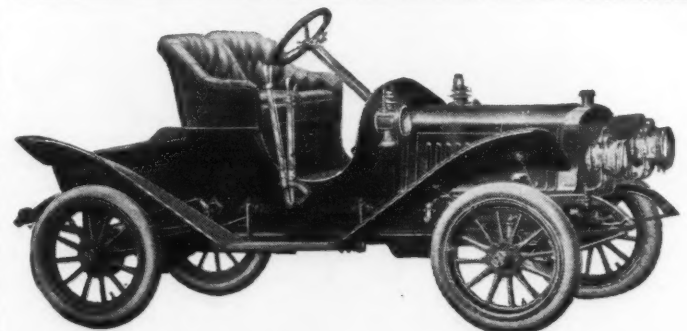
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Chappie—Have a cigarette, old man? Sapsleigh—No; I don't smoke fool-killsers. Chappie—Well, I don't blame you for refusing to take chances.—Chicago Daily News.

Waiter—We have clams in every style, sir. Diner—Then bring me a dozen in sheath gowns and Charlotte Corday hats.—Boston Transcript.

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Fishing vs. Shooting

A DISCUSSION of the relative charms of fishing and shooting by men who are seeking a remedy for brain-fag, has been started by The Outing Magazine, New York. Outing, in its July issue gives the opinions on this subject of several noted English sportsmen, some of which may be quoted with profit to lovers of either sport.

The Duke of Rutland's reply is as follows:

"You propound to me one of the most difficult questions conceivable. So much must depend upon individual idiosyncrasies that it is hardly possible to generalize. Moreover, the two sports vary so greatly in one important particular. Solitude is almost the first condition of success in fishing, whereas most kinds of shooting are best enjoyed in company.

"The question of age has a considerable bearing on the choice between these fine sports. A man who has left fifty well behind him may thoroughly enjoy a day's trout fishing in June, or even a fine October day on a salmon-river, yet he may not unreasonably shirk a fine day's partidge-driving in December or an evening's fighting a month later.

"For these and other reasons, any comparison of the two sports from the standpoint indicated seems to me impracticable."

Admiral Kennedy disclaims being either jaded or overworked, but of his experience, covering forty years, of varied sport with rod and gun in two hemispheres, no one who has read his books entertains any doubt.

"A jaded and overworked man," he writes, "is not likely to be a young one, therefore I should give the preference to fishing. A young man would probably prefer the excitement of shooting, by which I do not mean shooting tame pheasants, but deerstalking, or, better still, the pursuit of wild beasts in their native haunts. I can look back to happy days with tiger, caribou and reindeer, but for sport of that order a man must be in the prime of life. For the man whose limbs are stiff, whose heart sounds ominous warnings, there remains the rod, for a man may go a-fishing with one leg in the grave. Even if he can no longer wield his 18-foot salmon-rod, there is trout fishing for his declining powers, after which comes harling, and so on, down to the peaceful Thames punt moored across a baited swim. For myself, I can still enjoy somewhat more robust sport and might perhaps hold my rifle straight at a deer-drive but to follow a wounded animal at a run through jungle is no longer within my powers, and so, I doubt not, my old friend Sir Henry Pottinger, pioneer of sport in Scandinavia, would say, too, if appealed to.

"The constant pleasure of anticipation, the undried springs of hope, must be regarded as another argument in favor of the rod. People often declare that they lack the patience for fishing, and this remark proceeds curiously enough, more often from the more patient sex. I confess myself at a loss to understand it. To worm-fishing it may possibly apply, but fishing for salmon or trout with a fly is assuredly no trial of patience, for at every cast the fisherman fondly expects a rise, and even on a blank day he consoles himself with the reflection that all will be well on the morrow.

"Nor is angling, like golf, a trial of temper for the true fisherman, who is not seriously upset if he loses a good fish, but lights his pipe, wishes himself better luck next time, and again sends his fly across the stream. Indeed the uncertainty of the result is not the least charm of the sport. Uncertainty there is in shooting, also, no doubt, but how swift is the disappointment!

"The contemplation of wild Nature is also a much greater joy to the angler, for he who pursues either big game or small must keep his eyes for the business of the moment."

Mr. Cyril Maude answers briefly and to the point. A busy actor-manager knows as much perhaps about brain-fag as most of us, and Mr. Maude is, during his brief and well-earned holidays, a keen sportsman with both rod and gun. His praise of fishing involves a consideration of weather, which cannot fail to appeal to all who, like himself, are not always free to take their holiday just when the weather conditions are most favorable to sport.

"The fisherman," he writes, "has the advantage in the fact that he is anxiously looking for what other folk call bad weather. If he lives in England, that advantage is not easily overrated. The ordinary holiday-maker looks glum whenever the wind sets in the southwest and the sky is overcast. The fisherman's

spirits, on the other hand, will often rise as the barometer falls. When, on the other hand, sport is not at its best, he may seek his consolation in lovely weather. Rain or shine, his holiday should be a happy one."

Sir Henry Seton-Karr, who is enthusiastic on the subject of sport and camping out in North America, takes as his motto that that sport is best, in which he happens to be engaged at the moment.

"When," he writes, "I am on loch or by burn-side, or wading in a rushing river, intent on catching salmon or trout, and succeeding in that endeavor, then do I think that there is nothing to beat fishing for a pleasurable holiday, particularly in spring or early summer.

"On the other hand, when I am on grouse moor or by cover-side later in the year, with gun in hand and congenial company (the latter essential to true enjoyment in shooting,) then does shooting seem to me the best of recreations.

"Your question, being confined to the case of overworked men, simplifies the comparison, for overwork implies middle age, with possibly adipose tissue and flaccid muscles, to say nothing of a conceivably overwrought nervous system. In these circumstances, I am inclined to vote for fishing as the more appropriate, healthgiving and pleasurable sport of the two, especially if the season be favorable.

"It is, generally speaking, a less strenuous form of sport than shooting, and it serves equally well to take its devotee into the open air amid surroundings either quiet or grand, according to choice. It can be enjoyed alone, without any of the give-and-take demanded from the members of a shooting party. The solitary angler fishes just as much and as long as he feels inclined, and takes a rest when he wants to. The shooting man, on the other hand, must consult the convenience of his guests, or the programme of his host.

"Fishing has the great advantage of uncertainty, which naturally attaches to the capture of a wild creature, the pursuit of which can never be reduced to an exact science. This means that it can never pall and that its fascination endures.

"For the overworked brain-fagged, middle-aged victim of the strenuous modern life, therefore, I should pronounce in favor of the fishing. This is in my own case however, subject to three possible exceptions. The first of these is a breezy day's grouse driving on a hilly Scotch moor, with a genial host and cheery company. The second is a lonely hunt after an old bull elk in the depths of a Norwegian pine forest. The third is a ride through canons that I wot of in the Great Divide, where yet the lordly wapiti may be found in its wildest haunts. With the fascinations of such sport no fishing that I know of can compare."

Mr. Turner-Turner, who has divided his allegiance between gun and rod as fairly as most sportsmen, is wholly in favor of fishing in the conditions herein suggested.

"There can be little doubt," he writes, "that the overworked man of sporting instincts would be well-advised to spend his hard-earned holiday rod in hand rather than shooting.

"So few have been the opportunities of the average business or professional man to acquire proficiency in the handling of firearms that he can at best expect no more than the luck of an occasional easy shot. The delight experienced by the expert over a brilliant result at long range is beyond his grasp. Upon what terms can a man be with himself at the end of a day's shooting, when he has blazed away a bagful of cartridges into space in futile effort to kill birds that are too quick for his eye? The fisherman, be he ever so incompetent, has but to seek such fish as accommodate themselves to his style. If he can not catch trout, there are always pike. Some fish, it is true, require to be hooked by the angler, but there are quite a number that hook themselves, and the coarse fisherman finds as much satisfaction in a bag of roach or bream as the dry-fly man in his creel of carefully stalked trout.

"Condition is everything in the enjoyment of shooting, and we do not for very good reasons commonly associate condition with brain-fag. The weary shooting man, if out of condition, constantly scans the four-o'clock sun, wondering if it will ever go down behind the hills and put an end to his penance. His boots rub, his clothes hang like lead, yet he must struggle up in line to the bitter end. Can this be counted rest for an overworked man?

"Surely he will do well to choose in preference the shady banks of a quiet stream, where he can rest when he is tired, watching the paddling of the wary dab-chick and the dipping

flight of the swallows. The shooting man sees all the livelong day nothing more inspiring than fallows, roots, or stubbles. If he is a bad shot, the few wild creatures that cross his vision are but fuel to his discontent. Late that night, as he sits in his room with swollen knee and blistered heel, he wonders how on earth he is to face the same ordeal on the morrow.

"The fisherman, on the other hand, goes to bed impatient for the dawn. It is full of such possibilities. There is that big fellow behind the bowlder, found only as it fell dark; and is there not, too, that unexplored stretch of river? The trout that he missed to-day may yet be his on the morrow. With the shooting man, it is different. Nevermore will he see his lost chances, for on almost every occasion that odious boy on the left shot what he had missed.

"It is for these and other reasons that I suggest to the overworked man of towns that he should take his pleasure lightly, even lazily, in the seductive sunshine. Even on a rainy day, when the guns perforce remain at home, he may sally forth undis-mayed and make his record catch."

The Love Song

(It is said that the men of to-day are far less passionate in their love-making than their ancestors.)

I LOVE you, or at least I think
That very possibly I do;
In common honesty I shrink
From statements not precisely true,
But still it's safe to say I'm pretty fond of you.

I can not swear a mighty oath
To worship blindly till I die,
In fact I should be rather loath
To form so very rash a tie,
Unless I knew a most substantial reason why.

I shall not, with a valiant air,
Pour out my life-blood for your good,
Nor even boastfully declare
That if I had the chance I would
Because, to tell the truth, I hardly think I should.

No knightly deeds have I to do,
And no impassioned words to say;
Still, I should like to marry you,
If you will tell me that I may,
And also kindly name the most convenient day.

I can't explain the thing, you know
(They used to tell us Love was blind),
But since it happens to be so
Forgive my weakness, and be kind,
Or, if you're not that way disposed—well, never mind!

—Punch.

The appearance of a civilized man, his hands and feet protruding from cylinders of cloth, as a turtle's from beneath his carapace, imbues the savage breast with curiosity, envy and fear. "You lived, sir, in the Victorian age—a period essentially cylindrical," says a tailor to the hero of "When the Sleeper Wakes." Nevertheless, all these unmeaning cylinders and rolls of superfluous cloth we carry upon our backs once had some meaning.

For instance, the two buttons and the rudimentary tails of the morning coat, and the vestigial tails of the sack coat, are reminders of the time when the long tails were looped up to enable the wearer to ride without sitting upon his clothes. Similarly the buttons upon the sleeves originated with the time when the coat and shirt formed one garment, whose sleeves were tucked up when the wearer "got busy."

Men's clothing buttons over from left to right; women's from right to left. Many a man's wife makes an excellent and economical tailor and yet tumbles into this pitfall, causing her husband to be a laughing-stock to the discerning.—Harper's Weekly.

"I'm goin' to stop bein' kind and helpful to people," said little Johnny. "How is that?" asked his mother. "Well, it's this way. At school to-day I saw Tommy Jones putting a pin in the master's chair, so just as the master was about to sit down I pulled away the chair. The master sat down on the floor, and when he got up he licked me for pulling away the chair, and then Tommy Jones licked me for interfering. Yes; I'm goin' to stop helpin' people now."—Tit-Bits.

This country is peopled by a proud race of patriots who are Canadians on Dominion Day, and Grits and Tories all the rest of the time.—Toronto Telegram.

"On my knee I begged her for a kiss." "And what did she say?" "Told me to get up and be practical."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

El. Zenda

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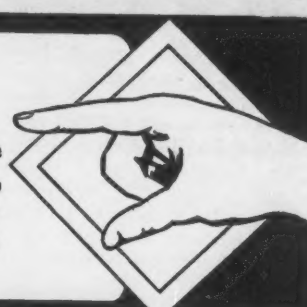
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Canadian Alpine Club's Summer Camp

THE members of the Alpine Club of Canada, who have just enjoyed their third annual camp in the Rockies, finished their climbing this week. A coast newspaper, in outlining the operations of these adventurous mountaineers, says:

The camp is situated at the summit of the pass, about two miles from Glacier House, and one mile from Rogers Pass depot. The white city is right beside the C. P. R. track among the groves at No. 17 snowshed. When it is remembered that two years ago at the Yoho camp all tourists and supplies had to be transported twelve miles north from Field and that a year ago at the Paradise camp eight miles had to be overcome from Laggan southward, it can be realized how conveniently situated the camp is this year. The altitude of the camp is about 4030 feet, while that of Yoho and Paradise was 6000 feet. This will partly indicate that heavier climbing is to be done this year, as there is a difference of 2000 feet in order to reach the 10,000 feet altitude for graduating members.

The view from the camp is beyond description and is probably not surpassed by that of Yoho or Paradise. Lifting up one's eyes to the hills, the craggy summits surrounding would seem to describe almost an entire circle. It is a sky-line circle. Starting with Mt. Tupper to the north of the C. P. R. track, his great towers stand forth rugged and dauntless like the grand old chieftain

after whom he is named. On his shoulder stands the shrouded figure of the Hermit looking out upon the great Hermit Mound which stands back of the range and rises grandly and alone towards the sky. The shrouded figure would seem to gaze with ceaseless longing to reach the meditative heights of his lofty ambition. Next come the Twin Peaks, glacier-flanked, with sharp-pointed pinnacles cutting clear through the snow and ice. Then great Rogers Peak rising to the height of 10,400 feet, symbol of the mighty spirit who inspired the iron-horse to plow and snort through this highway. This is the peak that sends forth his challenge to the scores of little men and women inhabiting the white village below. From the heights he sends forth his defiance to "come up and fight with me." It is the cry of a bold Goliath who will soon find that his challenge is accepted, and that many little Davids, both masculine and feminine, will stand victorious above him.

Near is the towering Sifton. He belongs to the Cabinet cluster of the Hermit Range, but he seems to have come out from among them, and is standing alone. Old Grizzly looks like himself, fierce and bold, slow and cold, like the creature of his name. Cheops is a mighty pyramid rising in magnificent grandeur from the white villages. Less famous but more glorious is he than his Egyptian patronymic; less mystic but more sublime—not lying in the Nile valley but crowning a mighty king of the Selkirs.

Crossing the Illecillewaet Valley and moving around in the circle, the heights of Ross Peak, Abbot, Castor and Pollux. Lookout and the

great Asulkan and Illecillewaet Glaciers stand in full view, while back of those under the dark skyline is the mighty Sir Dawson, greatest of them all.

Completing the circle are Mount Avalanche, presenting its very finest appearance in the presence of the camp, and the heaving bosom of Macdonald, and thus the skyline circle of mountain summits is complete.

The famous Sir Donald is not in view from the camp, but splendid views of it can be seen by the Alpiners coming from both east and west, and also from points on all the excursion trips from the camp.

SUMMER EXCURSION ROUTES

We have received a copy of "Summer Excursion Routes," (1908), issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad, a handsome volume of 330 pages, freely illustrated with views of the great summer resorts of the continent. It is one of the most ample and interesting volumes of the kind ever put out by a railway company, giving in simple form full information about routes and fares from points on the Pennsylvania railroad, the New York Long Branch, the Annapolis, Washington, Baltimore, the Cornwall, Lebanon and the Cumberland Valley Railroad to the principal summer resorts in the United States, Ontario and Quebec, Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. A large explanatory and colored map accompanies the book.

Penfield—Did that fellow who wrote the book telling how to live on fifteen cents a day ever try it himself? Merritt—He had to before his book began to sell.—August Smart Set.